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JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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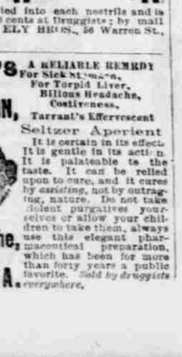

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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In the front a pretty, well-kept garden, where, doubtless, in summer the display of old-fashioned flowers was something novel for an American to behold. But in the remnant of its former glory I took but little satisfaction, although the display of great clumps of thrifty marigolds and crimson beds of late geraniums made it a warm, rich-looking picture.

But the best part of the visit there to remember, to my mind, was the warm welcome we received from the matronly-looking English lady in charge.

"So glad to have you come," she said, smoothing out her apron of blue and white checked linen and handing us each a chair while she talked.

In five minutes' time I felt perfectly "at home" at Spring Brook, so named from a clear, gushing fountain bubbling down over mossy bowlders near the house.

"Hi ham so very busy hin the kitchen, ladies, hand if you wouldn't mind to—to sit with me there, why, Hi could wisit with you to much better hadvantage," she said, after a little, with a bridle of her head and a sort of apologizing smile.

Certainly we would sit with her there, and forthwith we sat and enjoyed her sociability while she baked and finished to a turn her bread and a couple of spring chickens meant for us. She kept no help, so she found it necessary to be at the helm, company or no company. And such a bright, genial hostess one hardly ever meets as did the honors of Spring Brook farm.

And now, how pleasant the recollection of those sunny hours chatted away beneath the weather-beaten gables of the pleasant, deep-windowed kitchen. I can almost see myself rocking softly to and fro in the old-fashioned rush-bottom rocker, and listening to Mrs. Grey's kindly voice, or fancy myself cuddled up in the deep chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, watching her busy with her work.

Ah! that is, too, among the past, and the twilight settling over the downs over there, and the dark, restless waters beyond, remind me that it is evening once more in the suburban Hastings.

The great arms of the windmill look very distant and hazy, like unto a ghost in the air; and I hear a few rooks chattering, and perhaps the quarrelling, as usual, of the cock of the cottage. Gladys will soon light the lamps, and then I will feel obliged to go indoors and leave the twilight; mysterious and indistinct as it is, how I love it! It puts me in mind of Joaquin Miller's rest, portrayed in his excellent poem, "The Rest of the Grave."

There Gladys has lighted up the chandelier in the rose-bud of a parlor, and the soft light from the colored globes falls over a piece of statuary fair as Undine, and slants like a halo through the glass doors this side. And I can see from where I sit, here in the delicious, shadowy night, cousin flitting about the room, and note the sweep of her crimson gown. She is trying to be glad and happy to-night, for I am to start for home to-morrow, and she does not desire to leave any unpleasant impression on memory. I know she is heart-sick, however, and understand her dissembling.

My luggage is ready for an early start; Miriam's picture is nicely packed for a safe transport, and Allan Percival's letter to her is safe in the bottom of my trunk. The Stanleys, with whom I came over, are back to Ecclesbourne and will be ready to-morrow, so there is nothing left for me to do than to join them.

I am loath to part with Gladys also, and I do my share of dissembling and for the same reason. I am so anxious to present Miriam with her much-desired portrait, however, and to place in her hand the (to us) family—lover-like, I venture—epistle, that my separation from my cousin's cheery company will not seem so bitter.

But, after all, I mind me with a pang that it is those left behind that ever feel most sorrowful at parting.

I shall go in now and Gladys and I will sing "Auld Lang Syne" together once more, as we had planned, before I must go. I fancy we shall see the words through mists before we get half way through the song, and perhaps break down and finish the rest in tears.

"Rough sea," said the captain, and I seek my cabin. Miss Stanley, pale as death, seeks hers also; by this time she is prone on her cot wishing for everything but death and an unruly digestive apparatus. I am lucky; I am not disturbed by the rolling of the ship, but I chose rather to tumble about alone, if I must, than to fall sprawling on deck or trip up a fellow passenger in trying to keep my equilibrium.

While I sit here on the side of my trunk I am thinking of two faces left behind me on England's sunny shores. One is the face of Cousin Gladys, of course, as she bade me good-bye, with hot tears trickling down her white cheek. It is a memory that brings a lump into my throat and a sinking down of the heart.

The other face is that of Allan Percival. I met him on my way to the wharf, and he walked with me down to the pier. "You are off now," he said, and his face was something to see.

A strange, yearning, hopeful expression lighted up those beautiful eyes as he gave me his hand in a last good-bye. And I knew that he at least was glad to see me go. Why! Because a part, perhaps the whole, of his life-happiness depended on the message I was to deliver.

Sometimes I half believed that Miriam will put this message in the grate and shut her heart against all the advances of the light of love. It would, doubtless, be just like her to mope out her existence sorrowing for those that need it not.

I have had letters from her in my absence, and I judge from their tone she is very homesick to see me, and to get her portrait. "I have Arthur's and the baby's picture hung up in my room," she wrote, "where the sunset can linger over the beloved faces, and I yet lack one more face to make up my trio."

Well, she need not wait long. But the sea grows calmer; the heavy, threatening clouds are breaking away and the sunlight is glinting through. I go on deck. I wonder if this sudden change to fair weather is a forerunner of a happy change in Miriam. How I wish with all my heart, as I cling to the railing—for the ship still rocks like a cradle—that I might be the happy medium of bringing both these friendless orphans together in a grand reunion of love. I fancy I can do this by diplomacy, somehow. Well, wait; we shall see if it be possible.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A glorious morning; the air crisp and clear; a calm, blue sky, with an occasional white, airy cloud floating high and quietly, as if no storm had ever entered within its realm, and a bright, smooth sea.

Such is the loveliness of the autumn day that our voyage came to a close, and the Lady Clare hove in sight of New England's blessed shores. America! Oh! for our delighted vision. We came on deck to congratulate one another on the safe and altogether happy transit, to cheer up and be glad, as only home-coming souls are.

Some one says: "Sing 'Home, Sweet Home,'" and forthwith we find ourselves resolved into a blending of song and chorus concert. Poor Howard Payne! He perhaps never felt as we do; certainly not when he wrote his memorable verses which we so gladly sing. No; but we can not afford to be sorrowfully inclined to-day simply because he was unfortunate. It grates a little on a sympathetic chord somewhere in our make-up to say this, yet it is true.

We put a newer, sweeter pulse into the music; we are all glad to get home, especially are we glad that it is an American home, and there is no inclination even to sigh, unless it be from sheer satisfaction.

It's all very well to talk of the pleasures of an "ocean trip" and the grandeur of the voyage, but we found it monotonous enough after the first day out. Perhaps for young persons given to being very sentimental or inclined to flirtation, the hours between shores may slip off "satin shod," but to those having too much practical sense for either the one or the other, I should say time drags.

Well, here we are, and we glide into the waters of the bay, our own little Narragan sett. There are plenty of friends at the pier awaiting those on board, and again the handkerchiefs are waving, but this time in glad recognition and not tearful good-bye.

But, as I said when I started, I have no friends to bid me welcome only as a "fellow citizen," as the politician says, and so I come ashore alone. The Stanleys are met by a pretty turn-out, which whirls them away rapidly to their fine residence on Bleeker avenue. Here goes a clustering lot of steerage passengers, strangers in a strange land, by the look of them. Finally, here I go, a very eager woman, with multitudinous bits and sizes of luggage. I signal a cabby, and after a few minutes of "bossing around" I am tearing away, too, toward home.

The dead leaves drift, the aster peeps out from the sheltered nooks by the roadside, and the half-naked hills come to sight as the city recedes. Yes, the dear, familiar hills at whose feet nestles Bay View cottage. A turn in the road, we pass a stone wall and come to a cold, bare-looking hedge, and there just beyond lies the dearest little spot on earth to my heart. There is the cottage! "Half in light and half in shade," as the poet Tennyson says. I can never bring myself to say "Lord Tennyson." Shades of the vine! No! His wreath of deathless roses and lilies and laurel didn't need the tinsel and pomp of "re Lord," not to my Americanized way of thinking.

But here is Bay View cottage, and d'Eyncourt, Lords and poets are alike forgotten. Cabby assists me in with my luggage, I pay him his charges and am once more in my own domain and square with the world.

But where is Miriam, whom I expected to fly out joyously and greet me with a cry of joy? I ask myself the question with a strange foreboding of evil stealing over me, then I noticed something I had not, in my unloading of the cab and gathering together of my traps, noticed before. There was an unusual stillness about the cottage, and through the half-open door comes a smell of medicine. Can it be possible? Yes, Miriam is "very ill," so Maggie says, as she comes tiptoeing out to meet me.

I leave my luggage forgotten on the little porch and follow the maid into the house with a great pain at my heart. I feel dumb and dizzy with the anguish of disappointment and fear, but I manage to ask how long Miriam has been ill and if she is dangerously so. She has been ill for two weeks or more and is at present faltering between life and death, so Doctor Cushman said last evening. A neighboring lady is upstairs with her installed as nurse until I should return to make further arrangements.

Well, this is hard! All my little dreams of fanciful and sweet romance are pushed back behind the sable curtain, and a different tableau brought forth. And it may be that Miriam will never know of the message I bring her; perhaps I am too late! If

HOME, SWEET HOME.

I had not taken that trip with Gladys, and if I had come home on Queen Bess, which sailed the very day we bought tickets at the Paddington station for Tapiow, why, I should have been in time to have—not averted her illness! Hardly, but I might have alleviated the sorrowful burden which, I was sure, had borne her down into the uncertain valley.

Dazed and heart-sick I go upstairs to my room. I must remove my traveling costume, bathe and dress before I can go into the darkened room across the hall.

Maggie finds time to bring me up a cup of tea, and sits down on the edge of the bed for a little gossip in undertone. Dear child, she is overjoyed to see me and to get rid of the responsibility of the house. Under the circumstances I don't blame her. She looks worried and thin. And as I sip my tea she tells me that Miriam "took with a pain in her head," and that the doctor said "the illness was brought on by undue emotional exercise of the brain."

Whether Maggie heard aright or not, I am convinced that my suspicions are correct in the main. The physician is to call at three o'clock; it is now thirty minutes past two, so I am obliged to wait a half hour before I can talk with him myself concerning Miriam. He is such a voluble old man that I conclude to go down-stairs to meet him, as he will perhaps give me a noisy greeting, and it might disturb her—all the one I have to care for in particular. I meet Mrs. Courtney on the landing, coming up with ice-water for the sick-room. Maggie has told her of my return, and she clasps my hand warmly and says in a whisper: "It's too bad to find Mrs. Fairfax dreadfully ill, isn't it?" She doesn't expect me to reply, and keeps on in a cautious whisper: "Would I come in and see her? She wouldn't know me, of course not, but then maybe I would like to see her, anyhow."

I follow the nurse into the sick-room with an affirmative nod. There on the pillows, in the semi-twilight of the room, lies the fair, proud face I remembered so well. The dark, haunting eyes are wide open now, with a dull, listless expression in them, and the taper fingers stray over the pillows and clutch aimlessly at the lace frills. Her breath comes fitfully, and a hectic flush on either cheek tells the tale.

I go close to the couch, and, bending over her, whisper her name. She starts, looks up at me for a moment, while the fevered lips part in a smile as she murmurs: "Yes, yes, yes!" but she doesn't know me.

I grow sick and faint and turn away with the hot tears on my face. I go to the window and look out. The beautiful day is clouding over and the autumn wind is tearing across the lot beyond the forsaken garden like a thing of spite, the dead leaves flying on before. The garden, too, is desolate; the lilies are dead; every thing which seemed full of joyous welcome at first now has faded out into sable folds. I gaze down the road and see the doctor's carriage coming, and then I go down-stairs after once more turning to the bed and brushing back the brown tresses from the hot brow of one who knows me not at this my sad home-coming.

The physician says that "within the next twenty-four hours the tide will turn in Miriam's favor or ebb with the tide of time, and she will pass over." I recall her words of a year ago: "If I only could pass over and be at rest!" Somehow the very memory chills my heart's blood. Will her prayer be answered? If she only could live to read the message of soul-s unshine I have brought her she might not want to be "at rest" now.

Perhaps if she lives there will be unfolded a bright, glorious chapter in the gloomy history of this child of bitterness. Perhaps where the thorns are now the roses will bloom, for "Love can never forget his own," I repeat; but I am only thinking of Allan Percival in this connection, and do not consider that Miriam might repeat it with the outlines of two graves rising to the beck of memory, to the utter exclusion of all late gifts of affection.

The "twenty-four hours" are about ended. Miriam is sleeping now, tranquil and pale; the fever has burned itself out and she remains. The physician says: "She will wake after a little, sane, conscious of every thing, but very weak." I do not doubt him in the least. She lies motionless and colorless as the dead, and I believe him.

Last night I watched with her alone. Mrs. Courtney, being nearly exhausted, went to lie down and take her much-needed rest, leaving me, as I desired, alone with Miriam.

I believe she loves Allan Percival. Once in the night she tossed up her thin hands and murmured: "Oh! is it you?" with such a glad light coming into her dull eyes that I for the moment forgot she was ill, and said, bending down and kissing her: "Yes, it is me." Then she said, slowly: "It has been so long since I have seen you, Allan?"

I was bending over her still, but when she said "Allan" I started up with an indescribable feeling of happiness and an uncertain hope; *that*, I candidly believe, was the sweetest sentence I had heard for years, and it seemed so much like what I had hoped would be, although it was foreign enough to the real Miriam as I had known her.

"So long, Allan; so long," she murmured over and over afterward a half-dozen times, and I am certain she loves him a little, at least. I remember that in delirium quite often the secret of one's soul escapes its safeguard, and this comforts me. Oh! Miriam, white and unconscious on your pillow, you have revealed to me a secret which, doubtless, in your sane moments I might never have been able to guess at, you would have shielded and hidden it so sacredly!

The thought of Allan Percival's love being returned is still in my mind when Mrs. Courtney comes into the room, and I, catching at an idea, followed it up with all the alertness of a Pinkerton detective. I have been but little else than a detective ever since my wary feet touched the threshold of Heatherleigh Hall some weeks ago, so I "put out my feelers" for a little enlightenment, if possible, and I say with seeming unconcern: "I suppose Miriam has been very restless ever since her illness," said the answer comes: "Oh! yes, you can't imagine!"

"Talking a great deal, too, I suppose; asking for me often, I dare say?" I want to know if any one else ever heard her say "Allan," but do not ask directly, for the reason that I desire to keep her and his secret; will keep it as my own.

"Oh! yes," Mrs. Courtney replies, with a sigh and a pitying look toward the unconscious sufferer; "yes, she called for you quite often; and sometimes she imagined you were here, you know."

"Yes," I said.

"And several times she seemed as if she were talking to a gentleman, and would call him 'Allan' in such an affectionate way that I supposed she saw, in her delirium, her dead husband. Then I had no hopes of her at all, for they say that if a very sick person thinks they are conversing with those that are dead, why, it is a sign that they will soon follow them."

I let Mrs. Courtney have her way about it being the dead husband, and also about the "sign," for I have another evidence to prove my suspicion, and care nothing for her beliefs. I sit there, however, listening to her whispering of the details of Miriam's illness with seeming great attention. Of course I had asked her for it, and I must listen to every word, although my thoughts were running away like maddened steeds in another channel. I was back at Heatherleigh; I saw the light of unwarded love shining in Allan Percival's handsome eyes as he handed me a letter; heard him say, with a little exultant hope ringing in his fine voice: "Give this letter to Miriam with your own hands." I remembered his look of wistful, glad expectancy when I parted with him at the pier; and then quickly I connected to those golden links Miriam's words of the past dark sennight, and in the future I had spread out before me a reunion of lives, now seemingly so far apart.

But I wake from my fanciful romance when Mrs. Courtney stops her rambling recital and asks me a question point blank: "Had I ever seen Mrs. Fairfax's husband?" No, I had not.

"Well, had I ever seen his picture, then?" Yes, I had; but the detective instinct was again uppermost and I did not tell her that that was his portrait over there on the wall, just visible from where we sat, through the folding doors.

At my reply in the affirmative she gets up and motions me to follow her. I do so, believing that there is yet another link in this golden chain I am trying to put together for Miriam; one which I had missed.

"YES, SHE CALLED FOR YOU QUITE OFTEN."

Mrs. Courtney is determined, I see, to solve something or prove something she believes, and Polose the door of the sick room softly, leaving Miriam still sleeping, and follow after my inquisitive neighbor as inquisitive as she.

She goes to a small secretary at the end of the hall, by the window, and takes from the inner recess of the middle drawer something and fumbles it over. "Well," she ejaculates, "I can't open it. The doctor took it off of her neck," she continued, handing it to me, "and told me to put it away until she recovered; or until you came home, if she did not." I took the bauble, as I thought, and walked to the window to more closely examine it, the hallway being dark. Pushing aside the curtain I saw that it was a costly locket attached to a very fine gold chain. One side was resplendent with diamonds, and on the other the arms of the Percivals, a sword and shield beneath a Latin inscription in semi-circle. I knew the sword and shield at once belonged to the Percival house, as I had seen it on the seals at Heatherleigh in the great, lonely library.

Mrs. Courtney comes over to the window where I am and watches my endeavor to open it with eagerness.

"I thought may be her husband's picture and one of the baby's might be in it," she said, "and I should like to see them just once."

"Yes," I say, after trying in vain to open it in the usual way. "I have seen both portraits." Then, as I am about to give it up and put away the locket unopened, I discover a secret spring just at the edge of a resplendent diamond. I pressed it, and to my gratification and Mrs. Courtney's surprise, the locket flew open, revealing a handsome face.

"Wasn't he handsome, though?" exclaimed my companion, rapturously, "but the little one's picture isn't here," she added in a disappointed tone. I stood staring at the miniature. "That's him, I reckon," queried Mrs. Courtney, noticing my abstracted look.

"Oh! yes," I answered, pulling my thoughts together, "that's him." But, although it was "him," it was not the face of Arthur Fairfax which looked up so brightly from its costly setting. It was the face of handsome young Allan Percival.

"It is too awful bad," said Mrs. Courtney, "that they must be separated!"

"Yes," I answer, "it is," but she means one and I mean another. She thinks that this picture is one of the deceased husband's, and is pitying in her kindly heart the sad, sad separation made by death; while I know that it is the exact likeness of Allan Percival, and I can not help but bewail the fate that keeps them apart, knowing what I do now.

This locket, then, is the key to the story in cipher I have been trying to read. There is really more between Miriam and her handsome cousin, after all, than I had dared to hope. I gaze into the bright countenance of the picture in my hand, and my heart throbs faster as I think: Aha! Allan, I have come to an understanding now with you. I know now why that wistful, happy expression lighted up your fine eyes when I saw you last. You had reason to hope.

"Mrs. Courtney," I said, softly, shutting up the case, "we need not say any thing to Miriam about this, as she is rather peculiar, and devoted to her husband's memory. Perhaps she might think we had no right to open this locket."

"Oh! I won't mention it," she answered. "I only wanted to see the picture, and thought maybe the little one's was there, too."

CHAPTER XXV.

It is mid December. The sun gleams out fitfully between great, dark snow-clouds, and dances coquettishly over the carpet after having dashed through the frosty pane.

Outside the air is piercing cold, and the deep white drifts lie all over the dreary earth. The jingle of bells betoken by their merry music that somebody is brave enough to be out and enjoy the weather; yet it may be that they are out *solens volens*, and have the music of the bells to keep up their courage and relieve the monotony of snow, snow, snow more bearable.

Inside the plants abloom in the alcove give us a glimpse of summer, and the bird in his cage above them is warbling his matchless matin as merrily as if all earth were but a garden of June.

Ensconced in the depths of my favorite easy chair before a cuddled up, rather than sitting, just where the fitful sunshine strays over her dark tresses, which in the sunlight are a rich brown, and in the shadows a black color. She is very pale, and those dark, haunting eyes are darker and more haunting than ever.

She has asked me long since if I "managed to get her portrait," and I have told her that when she was able to sit up I would show it to her.

"Control yourself my dear," I said a half-hour ago, when I started upstairs for the much-coveted picture, "and pray do not get excited in the least, as Doctor Cushman says the last excitement may bring on a relapse." She promised me to be calm and I brought the portrait down, just as Peggy wrapped it up, and laid it in her lap.

A deathly whiteness crept into her thin face, but with steady fingers she unties the string and undoes the picture.

"It has been a long time since I have been face to face with myself," she says, dreamily, passing her white fingers caressingly over the portrait. "When I looked on this picture last I had no idea of the dismal future, had no conception of how much hearts can endure and still live. It is all this side, this side, the lesson I have been learning." Then she paused, and, leaning her head back among the cushions, shut her eyes. Presently the teardrops slipped from beneath the closed lids. "Miriam!" I said, half alarmed, "let me hang up the portrait; you are losing your self-control; no wonder you are so weak. I ought to have known better than to have been so rash and risky."

At this she opened her eyes and looked at me through her tears. "No!" she ejaculated, with quite an emphasis for one so weak, "you have done right. I need something to help me out of this rut of desolate heartache, even though it come through the outlet of tears. They will do me no harm; they will ease the pain here," and she placed her hand over her heart.

I had told her previously of the Hall and of Peggy's mourning her for dead; and of how the two old servants would be overjoyed to see her dear face again, so there was no need to perpetrate my belief that it was her duty to go back and see them, even if she did not choose to stay. No, there was no need ever to press the subject again, for her firm and flat refusal was more pronounced perhaps this time than before I went to England, so I knew enough not to touch on that. I only said: "Yes, I know; but you ought to cheer up for the sake of your friends."

"Friends," she repeated, with a ghost of a smile lingering around her perfect mouth. "I have such an army! Patty and you." Then she paused, and a far-away look came into her eyes and a faint color tinged her cheek. She was thinking of Allan, I believed, but I kept judiciously quiet. We should get around to that by and by, if I did not falter by easy, pleasant stages.

After a moment she looked up with such a wistful, yearning look in the dark eyes, but she did not say "Allan." No, she said: "Of course I have Peggy and Ancil, who are good and true in their way; but they are—only Peggy and Ancil, after all; not companions."

"Miriam," I said, rather authoritively for me, "you are not speaking of whom you are thinking at all, nor have you seen mentioned the soul's name whom you desire very much to see. Why not be candid with me, dear? I have done all in my power to render you happy."

A wild, frightened look flashed over her features, and I was afraid I had said too much. "Never mind," I added, apologetically, "I only meant all."

She shot a questioning glance at me, and a faint flush again overspread her countenance. Then in swift transition she was again in tears. "I had a friend," she began, as if confessing a fault, "one whom I think a great deal of, but I have lost all trace of him, and I do not know now where he is." She tears dropped down unheeded now, and she was crying like a child. "I should write to him, but I have lost the address I did have," she added, after the first paroxysm of grief had subsided.

"Would you like a letter from him, Miriam?" I asked, with a great joy tugging at my heart-strings. I felt like Tennyson's hero, so "Close on to the promised good," only the "good" belonged to some one else.

"Oh! yes," she answered, a hopeful light beaming through the tears and illumining her wan face.

"Well, Miriam," I replied, "wait until you are calm again, and I will give you one which he sent by me."

"Oh! Father in Heaven! Can it be true?" she exclaimed, joyfully. It was the very first time I ever saw happiness so completely outlined on her usually sad face. I had seen a look similar once long ago when we were wandering among the hills and resting beneath the shade of a tree while we gazed oceanward; but this was really happy anticipation.

"I presume you have reference to Allan Percival?" she questioned, a rosy flush sweeping up from cheek to brow.

"Yes," I answered, smiling. "I met him in England, and he seemed very much pleased to hear that you were at my home in Rhode Island, and he gave me a letter, saying: 'Give it to her with your own hands.' I know you will be very happy with him, Miriam, he is so noble and good."

I said this last at a venture, but not amiss, for her sweet face was almost transfigured with the joy that shone from the windows of her happy soul. "Now, when you are calmer," I added, "I will give you the letter."

The flush has gone from her face, and she is sitting over there in the fitful sunshine calm as a summer's morning, outwardly at least. "I am calm," she says, presently, looking away out over the frosty landscape, but there is a little, happy tremor in her voice, and I know the love-light is in her eyes.

I take the portrait from her lap and go off up-stairs. I hear her sigh as I shut the stairway-door behind me, and my heart throbs for the denouement.

Down in the bottom of my trunk, where I placed it weeks ago, I find the letter which I was to deliver "with my own hands." "Allan," I say, happily, "the darkest hour is just before dawn, you know," and I go down-stairs light of foot and light of heart. Why shouldn't I, when I was the medium of so much life happiness, and I had so longed to bring it about, too? It seems to me that as I pass down the shadowy staircase that the face of my dear, dead friend, Lady Percival, smiles out of the semi-darkness, and I fancy I hear a sweet, soft voice, long since hushed in death, say: "Blessings on your devoted head, my friend, for taking such good care of my dear daughter; for proving to be such a tireless watch and ward over her best interests."

Miriam looks up as I enter the room with a bright smile, and I can not help uttering the words which come involuntarily to my lips: "Why! is this Miriam; always so sad, so sad!" She doesn't reply, only reaches an eager hand for the letter which I a moment later lay on her white palm.

I turn away as the taper fingers break the seal. Somehow it comes to me that the inclosed is sacredly hers; that I, even I, have no right to intrude on its perusal. I take up my crocheting and, stirring up the coals anew in the grate, seat myself at the opposite window on my fancy work intent. The wind sweeps down from the hills and whirls the snow into miniature mountains and valleys out there in the front lawn, where last summer she stood so wrought up with sorrowful vengeance among the lilies. Would she ever have such a sad countenance again as on that day? I did not know. Would she ever almost kiss spitefully through her pearly teeth that she hated her home—her Heatherleigh home?

Most likely, if I should be foolish enough to broach the subject again. But I will not; I have more sense now.

A rustle of paper and a sigh, and I look up to see Miriam bury her face in the letter written on Allan Percival's knee in Heatherleigh Park. I can not tell whether she is happy now or not, but I watch her furtively and pretend that I do not care to be enlightened in the matter.

The better way to find out some secrets is to dissemble and play perfect indifference to the import, and, according to the natural perversity of things, they will unfold themselves before your disinterested vision.

Some persons are like oysters; undertake to be familiar with their affairs and they shut up, shell-like, and you are left a victim to your own overquickness.

[To be Continued.]

A WONDERFUL SPRING.

Its Water Cures the Worst Case of Alcoholism in Three Days.

Cured of intemperance in three days! How many people know that the State of Georgia owns a natural inebriate asylum?

And, nevertheless, such is the fact.

"It is the most wonderful spring in the United States," said Special Officer Broderick, of the Atlanta police force.

"To what spring do you refer?"

"Indian spring. I have taken three men to that spring who were so far gone on the liquor habit that it looked as if it was impossible for them to quit, and every one of them was cured immediately. One of them had been practically drunk for four months. I took along a supply of whisky, as people said it would kill him to quit off too suddenly."

"Did he taper off?"

"He took one drink after he got to Indian spring and after that declined to touch a drop. He said he did not want it at all. He remained there three days and you never saw such a transformation. He was as sober as a judge, his face was cleared of its bloat and the red liquor look, and he was himself again. Since that time he has been at work steadily and has not touched a drop. That was six months ago, long enough to effectually settle the matter."

"Does it prove equally efficacious on others?"

"I have tried three cases and with the same happy results in every case. I believe that that little spring

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 18, 1890.

THE resolutions declaring Wilber F. Sanders and Thomas C. Bower, "entitled upon the merits of the case" to seats in the Senate from Montana, were agreed to on Wednesday by a strict party vote, yeas 32, nays 26. Messrs. Sanders and Bower were immediately escorted to the clerk's desk and the oath of office was administered to them.

AN election was held at Butte, Montana, on Monday for the selection of seven Aldermen and a Mayor. Only one Republican was elected, and that by a majority of three. The only issue before the people was whether they should sustain the action of the canvassing board in throwing out Precinct 34 in the late State election. The election was under the Australian law and proved a success.

SENATOR CAMERON on Tuesday in the Senate at Washington, introduced a service pension bill, which has been approved by the Pennsylvania service pension association. It provides that all persons who served in the late war shall receive a service pension of $8 a month, and in addition a per diem pension of one cent for every day's service. The widows of these persons shall be entitled to a pension of $12 a month.

ADVICES from Northern Texas say that 75 per cent. of the whole crop in the counties of Cook, Grayson, Collin, Denton, Wise and Montague has been destroyed by insects. One of these creatures is very similar to the Northern chinch bug and the other is the common lady bug. The latter is the most destructive and is not only destroying wheat, but is ravaging oats and corn and even attacking cotton.

SOME watchful person in Philadelphia has added a new terror to death. He keenly watches the obituary columns of the newspapers, and promptly sends to the bereaved family a black-bordered card containing eulogistic doggerel. Accompanying the same is a proposition to furnish copies in "this style" at 15 cents each. The card is designed to occupy in a photographic album the page opposite the photograph of the deceased.

THE city election at Providence R. I., on Friday for Senator and eight Representatives resulted in the election of all the Democratic ticket except one Representative, by majorities ranging from 184 to 532. This insures the election of Governor Davis and the Democratic general officers in Grand Committee. The Australian ballot system worked smoothly, very few voters requiring instruction and all having time to prepare their votes.

THE Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg *Dispatch* declares the Republicans at the grand political centre are in a state of "profound gloom" as to the future of the party. "All classes," he writes, "seem to feel that defeat is in the atmosphere," and further, "it is directly reported that Senator Quay has admitted a doubt in regard to the success in the great Republican State of Pennsylvania, and if this be possible, in other States."

WILLIAM HARRISON, of Pittsburg, a dime-novel-reading youth of 17 summers, became intensely interested in the four executions in this State last week. On Friday, after carefully protecting his neck that it might not be injured by the rope, he hanged himself in his room. When discovered he was cold in death. All the circumstances go to show that the case was not one of intentional suicide, but rather one of scientific research and as such a failure.

J. MONROE SHELLENBERGER, a Bucks county lawyer, residing in Doyleatown, Pa., having succeeded in getting nearly two hundred thousand dollars of other people's money in his hands, left for parts unknown one day last week. He is supposed to be either in hiding in New York city where he was seen on Saturday last, or to have left for South America. His swindling operations included all classes of people as his victims and a financial panic is likely to result in that county from his rascality.

THE committee having the McKinley Tariff Bill in charge have put in an item taxing hides, taken it out, and put it back again. The g. o. p. is in a quandary. If they tax hides they will get a big contribution from the Western cattle men for electioneering purposes in 1892, but the Eastern manufacturers of shoes and harness whose business has been built up on free hides, threaten to even things up and are ready to revolt if they are to be robbed and their business broken up for the benefit of a few wealthy cattlemen.

HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, one of ablest legislators of the country and a leader in the Democratic party, died at his home in Washington at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning. Mr. Randall was born in Philadelphia on the 10th of October, 1828, where he resided until he attained the age of manhood and first entered into business as a partner in an iron manufacturing company. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private and while serving in the field in 1862 was elected to Congress from the Third Pennsylvania district, and continued to represent the district in Congress until his death. In 1876, on the death of Speaker Kerr, Mr. Randall was selected by the Democratic caucus as Speaker for the unexpired congressional term and was re-elected at the opening of the next session, and again in 1878. During his entire life, although his political career embraced a period when corruption flourished, his integrity was never questioned and no suspicion ever smirched his record for honesty. He died a poor man but left an honored and untarnished name.

IT is quite evident from certain semi-official outgivings, says the Philadelphia *Record*, that the Republican leaders in Congress are resolved, under the application of the new rules and through the despotic power of Speaker Reed, to push the McKinley tariff bill through the House with the least possible delay. For this reason, if for no other, the Democrats on the Committee on Ways and Means have acted wisely in declining to formulate a measure of Tariff Reform in antagonism to the bill of the majority. The Mills bill, which some have desired to see introduced by the minority, has become a back number. No future measure of Tariff Reform will fail to put iron ore and coal on the free list with the rest of the raw materials of manufacture. It is certain that a Tariff Reform bill of any sort, no matter how carefully framed, would —quorum or no quorum—be promptly voted down by the House without debate, as a Democratic proposition. It is the business of the majority to formulate a policy and take the responsibility for its adoption. In the present House the Democrats are without power or responsibility.

But while wisely abstaining from introducing a tariff bill of their own, merely to be trampled under foot, the Democrats in the House will have a noble opportunity to make a stand for the important manufactures that have been singled out for destruction by the McKinley monster. A score or more of Republicans in Congress represent districts that are largely interested in manufactures of leather, shoes and carpets, in dyeing textile fabrics, in canning meats, and in other industries that are wantonly assailed by the Committee on Ways and Means. It is scarcely conceivable that these Representatives should refuse to unite with the Democrats in defense of the endangered interests of their constituents. Republican New England is the peculiar object of the malevolent spirit of the McKinley bill. Not content with obstinately maintaining a system of taxation upon raw materials which has crippled, and in some instances well nigh annihilated, important New England manufactures, the committee has gone out of its way to attack the leather industry, which owes its prosperity to free trade. Should the Representatives of that section, or of any other section whose industries are menaced, vote for this measure of tariff iniquity, it would be one of the most pitiful exhibitions of party spirit that the country has ever witnessed.

The Democrats may not obtain enough Republican assistance to defeat the McKinley bill, but they can make up a record upon which they may confidently appeal to the country in the next election. While availing themselves of such opportunity as may be afforded in debate to expose the features of this monstrosity they need only give the tariff mongers all the rope they want. A practical experience of the effects of this measure would be an efficient and convincing lesson in the principles of Revenue Reform.

A PROTEST signed by sixteen Republican representatives has been presented to the members of the majority of the Committee on Ways and Means against the sugar and wool schedules of the McKinley tariff bill. These representatives urge upon the Committee that in their opinion a reduction of 25 per cent. in the duty on sugar and an increase of duty on low grade of carpet wools from 2½ to 3 9-10 cents a pound is as great a change as should be made. The manufacturers of ingrain carpet say that the change in the the duty proposed in the schedule as published, will increase the price of their product from 50 to 99 cents a yard and practically wipe out their business, silencing 4,000 looms and enforcing idleness upon 30,000 workmen. The signers of the protest, it is understood, are from all sections of the country, and while nothing of the kind is contained in the documents, an understanding exists among them that in its present shape they will not vote for the bill in committee of the whole house. Another Republican member, Mr. Coleman, of Louisiana, says he goes further than the signers of the protest and unless further advised by his constituents he will not vote for any redution on sugar. That question, he says, came up in the campaign and he was elected upon his assurance that he would not vote to disturb the sugar duty.

FIRST, counting a qucrum in the House of Representatives by arbitrary and unconstitutional process, as a preliminary to serious business.

Secondly, counting in Republicans and counting out Democrats honestly elected as members of the House, in order to strengthen a majority rather too slender and shaky on its pins for desperate deeds.

Thirdly, counting in Republican Senators from the Democratic State of Montana to increase the narrow margin of Republican control in the Senate.

Fourthly, counting in new States, exclusively for the outrageous purpose of fastening Republican control upon the Senate, and increasing the electoral vote for the next Republican candidate for President.

The programme is well studied. The performers are able and audacious. It seems to be the same Republican party as of old.

THE Hartford Carpet Company, whose mills at Thompsonville, Conn., employ 2,000 operatives, have been running on a winter's schedule of 54 hours per week. On April 8, notices were posted that the mills would run on the 60 hour schedule after April 21, but instead of increased earnings the operatives are to have their pay cut 3 per cent. under the present figures, making practically a 10 per cent. reduction. The company claim that the depression in the carpet trade and injury to business by the duty on carpet wools necessitate the reduction.

THE representatives of the United States, Great Britain and Germany met at Berlin on Saturday and formally signed the final protocal certifying that the Samoan treaty had been ratified.

A Big Fight on Hand.

In addition to the predictions as to an organized anti Quay movement as a feature of the State campaign emanating from Wharton Barker and McManes, of Philadelphia, together with Henry C. Lea's open letter to President Harrison denouncing Quay and the President's association with Quay, and ex Senator Emery's aggressive proceeding in the northwestern counties, Hon. John Dalzell's recent utterances on the subject of bossism in Pennsylvania serves to strengthen the belief that a split in the ranks of Pennsylvania Republicans is inevitable. Congressman Dalzell has notified his constituents that he will fight the nomination and the election of any candidate for Governor named by Quay, and although this apparently implies willingness to go back on his party under particular conditions, his constituents are none the less disposed to indorse his position and to honor him for the spirit manifested in assuming it. At Quay's instance the Pittsburg Congressman has been treated as a cipher by the Harrison administration, because President Harrison shares the very general belief that Quay enjoys absolutely dictatorial power over his party in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Dalzell considers himself fully justified in joining the movement to overthrow this iron one-man rule, the existence of which is unfortunately not to be disputed. All indications point, however, to the prospect that this movement will be of sufficiently formidable proportions to tax to the uttermost the defensive resources of Quay and his followers, and there is even a strong probability that it may result either in the nomination of a candidate for Governor who does not wear the Quay livery, or, if that end is not accomplished, in the defeat of the ring Republican ticket at the polls. Meanwhile it must not be forgotten that Quay is a hard man to beat, and especially so on his own stamping-ground. His fertility of resource and unrivaled mastery of machine politics are proverbial, and it is certain that all the faculties at his command will be drawn upon to the extreme limit before he is compelled to relax his grip upon the machinery of Government in this commonwealth, for on this depends in chief the maintenance of his importance as a factor in national politics. The fight, when it comes in reality, will be arduous on both sides, but whatever the event, it is certain to prove beneficial, both as an admonition to Quay and as a means of educating the voters of the State to a comprehension of the conditions controlling the conduct, of our State Government and the motives and purposes of the dominant element in State politics.—*Pittsburg Leader.* (*Rep.*)

On the New Navy.

While there is no dispute the United States should have a navy of the highest attainable effectiveness, we have no faith in the idea we should compete with the great powers of Europe, and particularly Great Britain, in that respect. Admiral Porter—just as all military and naval authourities advocate the indefinite increase of their branches of the service—favors a navy that relatively would compare with the great standing armies of Europe. We suppose if it were left to the officers of the regular army they would increase it to half a million men, and even find work for it to do. In his letter to the naval committee of the House, the admiral advocate the construction of 28 great line of battle ships, 28 immense coast defense vessels, 10 great flag ships to show off on foreign stations, 40 swift cruisers for those stations, 40 gunboats of great speed, and 50 torpedo vessels. That's all; a total of 196 war vessels. What for? Not to protect American commerce, for the Republicans have legislated that off the seas. The commerce is immense, of course, but it is carried on under foreign flags. The tariff and free ships have more to do with its recovery than building battle ships or gunboats. With such a navy as Admiral Porter advises, we would seek occasion to use it, and go "slashing" around the globe like the Irishman at Donnybrook fair, and gradually abandon the Washington policy of non intervention for one of meddling with the concerns of other nations. We do not need such a great navy for home protection, for we are outside the European systems, and it would be folly to mix in them. Our isolation and immense resources are a guarantee against invasion.

Why give up the benefits of our geographical situation and enter a race with the great powers in building a navy that will correspond with their immense land armaments? The greatness, the power and influence of this country over the world is everywhere felt, but it rests not on military or naval establishments, but on the example of self government—of liberty ruled by law—we show all other peoples. That is what brings them here by the quarter or half million every year.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Dominion of Africa.

It is evident that there is to be a struggle between the Nations of Europe for territorial supremacy in Equatorial Africa. The almost fabulous possibilities for wealth in the Dark Continent have excited the cupidity of nations as well as of individuals, and during the next quarter of a century the region of the Congo will be the theater of a wonderful activity, explorative, commercial and diplomatic.

The act of Emin Pasha in joining his fortunes to the Germans, the recent utterances of Stanley and the attack made upon the latter in Berlin throw at least a glimmer of light upon the situation. It appears even that arrangements were made long ago between England and Germany for the division of a great part of the country in and about the Soudan, and, according to Stanley's view of the case, the Germans are already engaged in reaching out for more than their share of the spoils.

Meantime the Portuguese are by no means idle in seeking to hold territories under ancient but long-lapsed titles of possession; the French cling to slight vantage grounds on the south and the east, and King Leopold of Belgium hopes to maintain himself in his acquisitions, while the Congo Free State is looked upon with envious eyes by all.

The day for purely civilizing and Christianizing efforts in behalf of benighted Africa has passed. The day of the political adventurers, of the commercial travelers who seek to lay the unknown country under tribute for personal advantage, has come. That the modern explorer, with his purely materisl ends in view, will do more toward regenerating the land than has ever before been accomplished, cannot be doubted.—*N. Y. Star.*

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at E. James' Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

A RAILROAD tie up is threatened in Pittsburg.

Sixty Women Ducked.

Between fifty and sixty Slav women were thrown in the Shamokin Creek Wednesday evening by the angry miners at Hickory Ridge and kept there until thoroughly exhausted. Many savage struggles occurred between the men and women, and while none were fatally injured dozens will feel for weeks the effects of the fight. The Slavs have a peculiar custom amounting to a religious duty of throwing water on people for two days after Easter. They think it bad luck for the thrower to fail in an attempt to cover the victim with water, and that, if successful, both will be blessed.

No matter who pass along the high way the Slavs at Hickory Ridge buried the water at them. As each year passed the American miners would be greeted by buckets of water in the face as they emerged from the mines. Of course fights occurred when the men threw the water, but the men were too chivalrous to battle with women. Yesterday the miners heard of an attempt by the women to duck Holden Chester, Jr., and William Rihnehart, two of the bosses. It was decided on quitting work last evening that if any of the men were attacked they would duck all the Slav women in the hamlet.

The whistle sounded "all home" at 6 o'clock, and when the first four men gained the earth's surface they were almost drowned with water from the buckets of a score of women. The angry miners were reinforced, and while a dozen of them rushed upon the women and dragged them to the creek another squad went into every house in the hamlet in search of Slav women. The fight that ensued was very exciting and the scene a strange one. In a short time the creek was filled with struggling women, while the banks were lined with hundreds of miners and English-speaking residents. As each woman would climb the banks some workman would rush at her and on picking up the woman in his arms throw her back in the swift running stream. Great care was taken that none of the women would drown, although quite a number fainted.

The Slav men were not strong enough to show fight and remained maddened spectators from a distance. When the invasion of the hamlet occurred three of the women armed themselves with weapons and rushed from house to house shrieking for their sisters to band and drive the men back. The Slavs are enraged over the affair and threaten vengeance.

Preparing for Revolution.

Presently the Democratic masses will awake to the fact that they have a struggle before them more important than any that has taken place since the War—a struggle in which all differences and minor theories will disappear. The Republicans propose to place their power and their control of the Government above the will of the people, and it is for this reason that Speaker Reed has been permitted to carry out the programme of usurpation without any serious protest, even from the more thoughtful Republicans. It is frequently said, and with good reason, that the Republican party will be condemned by the people at the next election, but this probability is precisely what the leaders of that party are providing against. There can be no doubt of the purposes of the Republicans, and there can be no doubt that they are so entrenching themselves behind usurpation in the House of Representatives as to place themselves in a position to carry out these purposes no matter what the verdict of the people may be.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

No Action on the Nicelys.

HARRISBURG, April 15.—The Board of Pardons held three sessions to-day to consider the application for commutation of the death penalty to imprisonment for life of Jos ph and David Nicely, the murderers of Herman Umberger. Among the depositions submitted was one from Dr. G. E. Brown, a veterinary surgeon, who states that soon after the conviction of the Nicely brothers, Constable Rauch, who arrested the murderers, declared to him that the officer had set up the hat and pocketbook theory, which had an important bearing on the conviction of the accused.

The Commonwealth's counsel presented new evidence in identification of the hat worn by one of the murderers. At a late hour to-night the argument was still in progress. The father, mother and sister of the murderers were present during the hearing.

A Notable Sign of the Times.

There has been no year since the War—not even that remarkable one of 1874, which was followed by seventy or eighty Democratic majority in Congress—when the local elections of the country showed such steady and sweeping gains against the party in power as they have shown in the North, the center and East this year—everywhere, indeed, in which the people have voted. It indicates not only a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction on the condition of the tariff, but an emphatic disapprobation of the course of President Harrison, the action of Speaker Reed, and the unscrupulous effort, as seen in the Montana election and in other instances, to overthrow the influence of the people in our form of government.—*Boston Herald.*

Japan's Material Resources.

Some remarkable statements are made by Rein, a scientist who has been investigating the material resources of Japan. They reveal a national frugality and economy of a marvelous type. The area of Japan is less than that of California. Its cultivated land is less than one-tenth of its total acreage, yet its products support about 38 000,000. In Japan 2,560 persons subsist from each square mile of tilled land. A people existing in such circumstances must from necessity of preservation be provident, painstaking, hard working, ingenious and frugal. The Japs appear to deserve all these adjectives. Agriculture with them is literally market-gardening, because the soil is required to produce more than any other place in the world.

Democratic Gains in Michigan.

In no State have the municipal elections been more gratifying to the Democrats than in Michigan. On Monday there were elections in every large city of the State, except Detroit. The Democratic gains were remarkable. Grand Rapids, the second city in the State, which gave three Democratic majority last year, goes nearly 2,500 Democratic. Battle Creek, Adrian, Lansing, Charlotte, Big Rapids, Pontiac, and many other leading cities, all heretofore Republican, have gone Democratic, and Democratic majorities have increased in Democratic cities.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale by E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A Bay City, Michigan, man can make salt for eight cents a barrel.

—Twelve cartloads of crushed eggs, sandwich papers and other rubbish were taken from the White House grounds after the children's egg-rolling picnic on Easter Monday.

—Plowing by steam has been introduced in Walla Walla Valley, Washington, and is pronounced a success. Heretofore it has cost $2 per acre to plow, while under the new system it can be done for 40 cents.

—A seventeen-year-old lad who climbed to the dome of the State House at Topeka, the other day, managed to fall to the basement, a distance of eighty feet, without breaking bone. He is the only person who ever made that trip alive.

—A piece of pink coral thirty feet long and nine inches in diameter at one end, with branches projecting about four feet on all sides, was recently obtained on the coast of Japan. Its vlaue in a prepared state would be about $15,000.

—Philadelphia is in a state of mind through fear of having second-hand coffins passed off upon it, the discovery having been made that coffins brought to the crematory are not burned with the bodies, but are preserved by the attendants and sold again.

—A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal Palace for $500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold. This is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a single pair of fowls since the days of extravagant and luxurious Rome.

—An engineer on the Iron Mountain road has perfected an automatic bell ringer on his locomotive, and now, when running in corporation limits or whenever the bell must be rung, he just jerks a spring and the bell is kept going by the steam power till he turns off the steam.

—General Von Caprivi, the new German Chancellor, never has a pipe out of his mouth when he is awake, except during his meals, and he drinks beer by the gallon. He is most deliberate in his movements, and always meditates for a minute or two before answering the most trifling question.

—William Moore and Scott Johnson, of near Youngstown, Westmoreland county, while at work on Monday evening in the Ligonier or Blue Rock stone quarries, on the Ligonier Valley Railroad, were fatally injured by being run over by a loaded car. Both are married men and have families.

—George Washington Wieland, a prominent farmer who lived near State College, Centre county, committed suicide on Saturday. He fastened an old rifle in a vise, and, placing his head to the muzzle, drew the trigger, killing himself instantly. He was sixty years of age and leaves five children.

—From its source to its mouth the Amazon is 3,500 miles in length, but the name Amazon is not continuous, and it is called by three different names in that space. From its Lake Itasca source to the gulf the Mississippi is 2 616 miles long, and from its Missouri tributary source to the gulf, 4,194 miles in length.

—Particulars of the wreck of the steamship Quetta have been received at San Francisco, Cal. She struck an unknown rock near Mount Adolphus, about twenty miles from Thursday Island, at 9 o'clock at night. There were 382 souls on board. Of these 166 were drowned and 116 saved. The vessel went to the bottom three minutes after she struck the rock.

—Joseph S. Raudenbush, Jr., of Laurelton, near Bellefonte, shot himself through the head at 5 o'clock on Monday evening, and died two hours later. He had fever and was slightly delirious at the time. He was only thirty-one years of age, and was a prominent hotel keeper, merchant and lumberman. He was quite wealthy. He leaves a wife and one child.

—John Montgomery, Jr., son of one of the best known citizens of Plain Grove, Pa., received injuries Thursday night of last week from which he died within an hour. With a number of young companions he had gone out to serenade a friend by the name of Sheaff who had just been married. The party carried guns, revolvers, and whatever would make a noise. As young Montgomery was holding his gun it accidentally exploded. The deceased was about twenty-one years of age.

—Mrs. Belle Miller and John Mann have been in jail at Towanda since March 29th, charged with the murder of J. W. Wilcox, whose body was found in the ashes of a burned barn in Bradford county. Mann, who succeeded Wilcox in the affections of Mrs Miller, on Sunday last, confessed that Wilcox was decoyed to the barn by Mrs. Miller, who hit him on the head with an ax, stabbed him and then fired the barn. Mann said Mrs. Miller feared Wilcox because the latter knew she had poisoned her husband.

—A forest fire started on Saturday night near Absecon, New Jersey, in the pine woods owned by Alfred Doughty. Over 300 acres of timber land was burned over. The damage amounts to over $350,000. Several houses were burned, the inmates being obliged to flee for their lives. Some of the smaller farmers are ruined, having lost buildings, cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry. The whole region was aroused and the scene was one of great fear and excitement. All the residents for miles around were fighting the flames.

—Spotted fever has broken out in Union county, Kentucky. Over a score of children have been attacked, and in each case fatally. Only children have so far been attacked. The disease runs its course inside of thirty-six hours. Its approach is heralded by intense pain at the base of the brain. A burning fever speedily follows. The tongue becomes swollen and hard, unconsciousness ensues and death follows. After death the body becomes spotted with yellow blotches, the limbs swell and the whole body turns black. People are fleeing with all haste.

—In 1835 the Chicago postoffice was a log building at the corner of South Water and Lake streets. The postoffice was on one side of the room and a grocery and bar on the other. A Justice of the Peace held court upstairs. One day a penny dropped from the ceiling of the postoffice to the floor. Two or three fellows rushed for it. The postmaster, John S. C. Hogan, rushed out and said: "Let it alone; don't touch it. The jury upstairs has flipped for heads or tails to see what shall be done with the man on trial." Sure enough, the next minute the foreman came down a ladder looking for the penny.

—A crowd stood on the railway station platform at the little town of Northumberland, Pa., Thursday. They had assembled to see a middle-aged woman, who had been kidnaped when a child three years old, greet her mother for the first time in forty years. The mother was Mrs. John Gilbert, and the daughter was Mrs. George Kriesbaum. When the Gilberts were living in Snyder county, forty years ago, their nearest neighbors were the Menges', a childless couple. The Menges' took a fancy to the the child, and one morning disappeared with it. Mr. and Mrs Gilbert spent all their fortune searching for their lost daughter, who is now restored through the death-bed confession of Mrs. Menges. The Menges family had moved to Youngstown, Ohio, where the girl grew up and married.

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NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Ve colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towe Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Ha Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPO

SILKS!

If you want a handsome, wearable Silk Dress for Spring and Summer, buy the material of us. Samples cheerfully furnished upon request.

SURAHS.

COLORED:

19 inch at 50c a yard.
19 inch at 65c a yard.
20 inch at 75c a yard.
24 inch Standard at $1 00.
24 inch at $1.20.

BLACK:

19 inch at 50 cents.
21 inch at 75 cents.
26 inch at 75 cents.
25 inch at 85 cents.
23 inch at $1.00.
25 inch at $1.00.
14 inch at $1.20.

These are the leaders—selected from dozens of grades of Surahs. Also, Gros Grains, Failles, Armures, etc., colored and black, the best values we ever offered.

DRESS GOODS.

Our complete new Spring stock is now complete. This means the grandest array of beautiful goods shown in this country. Goods and prices are all on the buyer's side of the bargain.

Send for samples.

CURTAINS.

Complete new Spring Stock. Write for Curtain Circular.

Our 1890 Spring Catalogue will be ready in March. Send your name and you will receive it.

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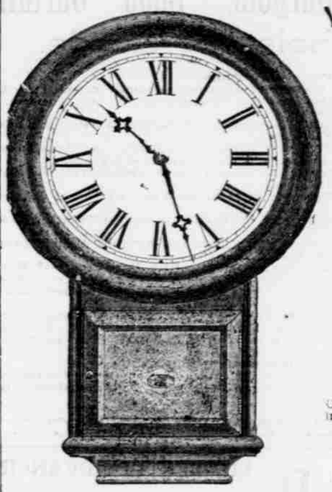

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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL of JEWELRY always on ha

My line of Jewelry is unsurp Come and see for yourself before p ing elsewhere.

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Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full plete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, N a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Chi Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Bo Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queen Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarante isfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you favors we are Respectfully Yours,

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PLACES OF INTEREST.

To all visiting Philadelphia are

THE YATES STORES,
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Our Superior Clothing for Men and Boys is renowned, and though prices are very low this season we maintain the high quality.

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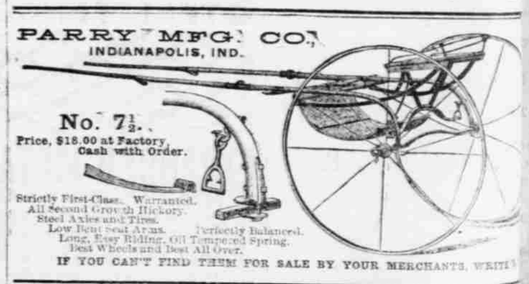

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Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Down Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE

ONE POUND PEOPLE'S AND CATTLE POWDER'S TRADE MARK. CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.

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at all prices, from $25.00 to $125.00. Tricycles and Tandems, Lamps, Bells and Sundries. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue to J. A. Johnston, 706 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICE

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

ONLY $20

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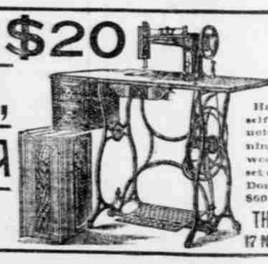

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Has Self-setting self-threading shu motions and lig ning, hardest wood-work, an set of extra attac Don't pay agents $60; send for

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THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To clean tombstones. To polish knives. To clean dishes.

To renew oil-cloth. To scrub floors. To whiten marble.

To renovate paint. To wash out sinks. To remove rust.

To brighten To scour bath To scour kitc

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Confectioners to scour their pans. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Cooks to clean the kitchen sink. Painters to clean off surfaces.

Engineers to clean parts of machines. Ministers to renovate old chapels. Sexions to clean the tombstones. Hostlers on brasses and white horses. Artists to clean their palettes. Wheelman to clean bicycles.

Housemaids to scour tins. Chemists to remove stains. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Signs d oors to scour their steps. Soldiers to keep their guns bright. Renovator to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - APRIL 18, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The martens made their appearance here on Monday morning.

—Mr. John Biller, of Gallitzin, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—Mr. Harry Fenlon, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with his parents in this place.

—Geo. A. Kinkead has broke ground for the erection of a house on Center street.

—Mrs. James B. Young, of Pittsburg, is visiting relatives in this place and vicinity.

—Colonel John E. McKenzie, of Chest Springs, was a visitor to our office on Monday.

—The work of replacing the borough weigh scales with anew set was commenced on Monday.

—Mr. C. M. Parrish, of Bellefonte, spent several days the past week with his parents in this place.

—Mr. J. B. Mullen, of the Lilly Insurance and Steamship Company, paid us a pleasant visit on Wednesday.

—William Kimball, of the firm of Brown & Kimball, liverymen, is able to about after a two weeks' tussle with pneumonia.

—Captain Michael Fitzharris, of Gallitzin, was in town on Monday interviewing his friends and looking after his political fences.

—The body of William Steigerwald, who at the time of the flood was burgess of Conemaugh Borough, was found in the river near Nineveh one day last week.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Dennis Harkins of the 12th ward ward, Johnstown, was struck by Fast Line on Sunday night a short distance above the P. R. R., freight station in that city and instantly killed.

—Mr. George Pritsch, a first-class stone mason has located permanently here, and is ready to do all kinds of stone and brick work. Give him a call when you have work of that kind to do.

—Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rivinius have the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of their little son, Ferdinand, who died on Thursday evening, April 10th, aged about nine weeks.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Frank Hileman, whose home is near Wilmore, had his right arm badly crushed while coupling cars at Derry on Tuesday last. He was taken to Jonstown where he had his arm dressed. No bones were broken.

—The Street Commissioner, assisted by a number of men were engaged the past week removing the mud, etc., from the streets. By the way, would it not be a good idea to pave High street? What say the Town Council?

—Mr. J. K. Coffroth, of Somerset, died suddenly at his home in Somerset on Friday last. He was a son of ex-Congressman A. H. Coffroth and was postmaster of Somerset under Cleveland. He was about thirty eight years of age.

—James Sullivan, a notorious tough, well known throughout the coke region, stabbed to death a man named Davis at the Hecla Coal Works at Greensburg on Thursday morning of last week. The murderer escaped and has not yet been captured.

—Rev. Father Ryan, pastor of the Catholic churches at St. Augustine and Chest Springs, preached his farewell sermons to his congregations on Sunday last and will this week assume the charge of St. Michael's congregation, at Loretto. He will be succeeded by Father Connery.

—Joseph Murray, a little six-year-old orphan boy, who resided with his grandmother, Mrs. Barry, at Minersville, was drowned in Hingston's Run, near that place, on Wednesday of last week. The boy was playing on the bank when he fell in and before assistance arrived was drowned.

—Doc Kays, formerly proprietor of the Hallman House, in Huntingdon, has leased the hotel stand of Mr. Joseph Miller in Ashville, lately kept by Mr. Michael O'Hara, and will remove thereto at once. The license of Mr. O'Hara was transferred to Mr. Kays at Argument court on Monday last.

—Early on Wednesday morning of last week the barn of Walter Lorber, near Stoystown, Somerset county, was struck by lightning and destroyed with all its contents, including five cows, three calves, a number of sheep, agricultural implements and a lot of grain and hay. The loss is $1,500, partly covered by insurance.

—Mr. Martin Sigg, of Ehrenfield, was crushed to death by a fall of coal in Scott's mines at that place on Thursday. There was no one with him at the time of the accident. In the evening at quitting time he was missing and a party went to search for him and found his crushed body in the mine. He leaves a wife and five children.

—John Keber was killed on the Fort Wayne road at Allegheny City on Wednesday. He was a former resident of Johnstown and his mother was washed away by the flood. He had been attending a wedding in the capacity of groomsman, and had just taken one of the bridesmaids to her home when, on his way to his boarding house, he met his death.

—The large steam flour mill known as the Eureka Mill in Indiana was struck by lightning on Wednesday morning of last week and the building with its entire contents was totally destroyed. The building was owned by the Wegley estate and operated by Wilson & Rowe who had it leased. The loss is estimated at about $14,000, on which there was an insurance of $8,000.

—About one hundred farmers in Adams and York Counties have been defrauded of a sum aggregating about $120 000 by swindlers who sell them fictitious rights to sell wire fences. They take their notes for $125 as a guaranty for their share of the commission on the first one thousand rods, which are afterwards disposed of in some way. No arrests have as yet been made.

—L. M. Woolf & Son the well known clothiers from Johnstown, on Monday last opened up a fine stock of clothing and gent's furnishing goods in the store-room formerly occupied by the New Plan Store. They are doing a rushing business in furnishing our men and boys with clothing and will remain until this (Friday) evening. See their ad in another column.

—John Jackson, of Jackson township, this county, has made a record for killing foxes that makes him the champion of the county, so far as heard from. Last week he discovered three dens of foxes on his farm, and in the dens he found 22 foxes, all of which he killed; two of them were old ones and the remainder young ones. He was led to make the discovery by observing tracks in the snow leading to their holes. It was a profitable catch, as the law allows one dollar for each fox scalp.—*Huntingdon Journal.*

—Mr. Frank Fees, who keeps a little grocery store on Centre street, near the Mountain House, was unfortunate enough to fall down the stairway of his store on Wednesday and injure his leg.

—The Court decided on Thursday that in the election of Constable in the West Ward of Ebensburg, E. J. Humphreys was entitled to the office, his having sat as an election officer at the time of his election not disqualifying him for the office.

—The barn of Patrick Maloy near Chest Springs was struck by lightning on Wednesday morning, of last week, about one o'clock, and burned to the ground. The live stock and farming implements were mostly saved but all the hay and grain was destroyed. The light from the fire was visible here and was noticed by several parties who were awakened by the storm and got up and looked out of their windows. There was an insurance of $500 on the building but the loss is estimated at nearly double that amount.

—A warrant was issued by Justice Easly, on information of George Muelheiser, administrator of the late George Heiser, for the arrest of A. J. Walters, near Wilmore. The warrant was placed in the hands of Officer John D. Jones. On Saturday the officer learning, that Walters was in Ebensburg, telegraphed to that place and had him arrested. He was to have been brought here to day (Monday) for a hearing, but in the meantime he entered bail in Ebensburg. It is alleged that Walters forged the name of the late George Heiser to a note for $500.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—On Monday evening A. V. Barker, Esq., started out to take a drive, having in the carriage with him his wife and daughter and Mrs. A. W. Buck and daughter. While driving down the pike at the east end of town, after passing the railroad, the kingbolt of the carriage broke when the horse ran off with the front wheels of the carriage. The occupants of the vehicle were all thrown out but escaped with a few slight bruises, with the exception of Mrs. Buck who was badly cut about the face but luckily escaped serious injury. The horse was captured near ex-Sheriff Blair's farm uninjured.

—The 3,000 miners in the Houtzdale district met in mass meeting on Monday of last week, at Houtzdale and agreed to join the United Mine Workers' Association in a body, and assessed themselves two cents per ton per month a man, for the purpose of creating a national defence fund, maintaining one national organization, to keep up their local check weighman association, one-half cent a ton to be used in aid of the Punxsutawney miners. At Philipsburg on Tuesday afternoon, of last week, the 2,500 miners of the Osceola, Philipsburg and Beech Creek associations met in a mass meeting and took the same action, except that meetings are to be held at each mine before action is taken.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Last Opportunity for Washington via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last of the popular series of excursions to Washington, which have been so successfully run by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company during the winter and spring, is fixed for Thursday, April 24th, a date which is without doubt the most desirable that could be selected. Washington at that time is beginning to show all the activity of spring, and the beautiful parks in which the city abounds are verdant with shrubbery and blossoming with early flowers. Congress is busy, the city is thronged with prominent people, and the actual working of the Government is seen to the best advantage.

Excursion tickets will be sold as heretofore at $9 00 from Pittsburg, and the proportionate rates from other stations, with the privilege of a stopover in Baltimore in either direction. These tickets will be good going on any regular train of that date, except Limited Express, and to return within ten days. In addition a special train of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8:00 A. M. and run through to Washington.

Pleasant side trips may be made from Washington to Old Port Comfort, Norfolk, Richmond, and Mt. Vernon at reduced rates.

The specific excursion rate from Cresson is $7 35, and train connecting with the Special will leave at 11:02 A. M.

Frightfully Roasted.

Yesterday morning Annie Bainer, a cobble-picker, met with a horrible, if not fatal accident, while at work in Fro: Hollow, between Rosedale and the Fourteenth ward. The accident took place about 8:30 o'clock. She was at her work, when a car load of hot cinder was dumped near where she was. Anxious to have first choice of cobbles, she jumped upon the mass. Her clothing took fire, and instantly she was enveloped in flames. Her companions sprang to her assistance as soon as they could recover themselves, but before they could render her any assistance she had fallen partly on the hot cinder. She was dragged off and taken to her home on Connelly avenue, where she was attended by Dr. W. B. Lowman, who was hastily summoned. She suffered intensely until his arrival. Her father is dead but she has a step-father named Rager. Her mother is almost wild with grief at her daughter's terrible misfortune. Miss Bainer is about twenty years of age. From her feet to her waist her flesh is literally roasted, while she is also burned in other parts. Her condition is critical.—*Wednesday's Johnstown Democrat.*

For the Cure

of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

DIED.

BURKE.—Died at her residence in Portage township, on Saturday, April 9, 1890, Mrs. Ellen Burke, widow of Edward Burke, aged about 75 years.

The High School Commencement.

The first annual commencement of the Ebensburg High school was held in the Opera House on Friday evening last. The class numbered but nine, but they acquitted themselves very creditably and if they follow the precepts and outlines announciated in their several parts, we have no doubt but they will make their mark in whatever positions it may be their lot to fill.

The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Bowman, who invoked the Divine blessings on the audience and the class of '90.

Prof. Allison introduced the first speaker in the person of Miss Annie Maloney, who delivered the Salutatory, her subject being "The Aim of Education." Her remarks were brief and well chosen, her manner easy and graceful.

The second speaker was Morgan Hughes who treated his subject "The Dutchman's Betsy," in a manner that showed he had given it much study, and the production was well received by the audience.

"America's Mission," an oration, was the theme of Olin Barker's discourse. He handled his subject well; his address was well prepared and well delivered.

The next was a declamation "Mustered Out," by Leonard Jones, and it was well taken care of. He was loudly applauded.

Sherman Mason then stepped forward and read an essay on "The Negro Problem." The paper was a plea for the negro and was well handled.

An oration followed, "Signals to Young Men," by Norris Mason. His address was well prepared and well delivered, and if the young man follows the course he outlined his success is assured.

Miss Della Folsom then read an essay "What a Woman Can Do." The paper abounded in choice bits of wisdom and was read in good style.

Harry Hasson followed with a paper, "Class History." His voice was strong and clear and his production well received.

Leonge Shields was the last member of the class of '90 to approach the footlights and deliver the Valedictory. His subject was handled in a creditable manner; was well prepared and was brief but nicely worded.

Then followed the "Class Song" and was in the hands of Misses Mary Kinkead, Mary Ellen Evans, Della Folsom, Julia Connell, Madge Dick, and Messrs. Bert Davis and Frank Connell. The production was very fine and pleased everybody.

Then followed an address to the class by Rev. Geo. Hill.

The presentation of diplomas by County Superintendent Leech was next on the programme. Prior to handing out the "sheepskin" he gave the class some good advice, and if they follow the path he pointed out to them we may look for the success of the entire class.

After the benediction by Rev. Hill the exercises closed, and thus ended the first annual commencement of the Ebensburg High School. We wish the graduates a long and successful life and feel confident they are all well fitted to fill any position they may be called into.

Prof. Allison may well feel proud of the graduates, but under his care nothing but success awaited them.

The music was furnished by the Ebensburg Orchestra, and considering the short time it has been organized did exceedingly well.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, April 16, 1890:

John L. Hite, Cambria county, and Annie Spegler, Somerset county.

William H. Gales and Charlotte E Marks, Morrellville.

John Rhodes, Scalp Level, and Sarah J. Troxell, Ehrenfeld.

Reuben H. Overder, Morrellville, and Mollie Dysert, Sheridan.

William D. Scott, Beaver Falls, and Ella Gorman, Johnstown.

George Czeskray, Minersville, and Ula Thard, Cambria.

George B. McMullen and Annie E Burns, Delancy.

F. C. Pruner and Mary Waltz, Chest Springs.

Charles F. Miller and Theresa C. Sherry, Barr township.

William Sloan and Margaret J. Seth, Johnstown.

Michael Kelly, Coalport, Clearfield co. Pa., and Rosalie Kibler, Chest township.

Buckten's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Communicated.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., April 8, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR—When the Auditors of the Cambria County Agricultural Association were called upon in the Carrolltown *News* to explain as to the statement and management of said Association of last year, and which communication is still backed up by J. O. Creery, it is a direct attack on the reputation of the auditors, Lewis J. Berger, T. R. Scanlan and T. S. Williams, who signed their names as to the *correctness* of said statement, and as to the management of the Directors and officers of last year, among them J. O. *Creery himself*, to-wit: President, H. J. Hoppel; Vice Presidents, Vincent Reed, John Stoig; Directors, G. H. Sloan, Henry Krumenacker, H. A. Shoemaker, Asa Weakland, J. O. CREERY, H. J. Buck, Joseph A. Gray, H. J. Eckenrode, Jacob Kirkpatrick, Simon Kline, C. A. Sharbaugh, James J. Thomas; Treasurer, W. A. Noel; Secretary, C. A. Buck.

It was also an attack on the present Board of Directors, a quorum of whom *approved the statement submitted by the above auditors*, to-wit: President, H. J. Hoppel; Vice President, Joseph Bearer; Directors, Alex Grief, Henry Krumenacker, G. A. Farabaugh, J. G. C. Bearer, Jas. T. Kirk, H. J. Buck, Joseph A. Gray, H. J. Eckenrode, Jacob Kirkpatrick, Simon Kline, T. S. Williams and J. J. Thomas.

When the *News* will allow the reputation of such men to be attacked, and even the *editor himself*, what could be expected of him towards an humble individual like the writer of this, who the great (?) editor is pleased to call a liar in his paper, simply because he (the writer) gave the truth, which I will prove here, although Mr. Schroth was delicate about allowing himself to be brought into print.

SWORN STATEMENT OF WM. SCHROTH, Secretary of the Cambria County Agricultural Association.

At a meeting of the above Association, after a statement of the last auditors' settlement had been submitted to the said Directors and approved in addition to this statement, the said Directors made an estimate of $8,000 on the buildings, lands, etc., belonging to said Association, and ordered me to notify Mr. J. O. Creery to insert the same in said statement in the Carrolltown *News*, which I did. WM. C. SCHROTH.

Sworn and subscribed this 8th day of April, 1890. JAMES NEELY, J. P. (Seal).

The portion of my communication which the great (?) editor, J. O. Creery, is pleased to represent as a lie, and which he himself had the audacity to publish in his paper as such, is *verbatim* as follows, which can be compared strictly with the above affidavit:

"As the *News* failed to give the statement as ordered by the Directors and to be paid for by the Association, omitting a portion of the assets, I will here give the financial standing of the Association for the information of its members."

I have neither time or inclination to at any time in the future pursue the rantings of the great (?) Carrolltown editor you will hear no more from me on any subject he may bring up, trusting to a discerning public for justification, which he refuses to give. Truly yours,

T. S. WILLIAMS.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Argument Court

Court met on Monday and disposed of the following cases.

Exs. of Jos. Miller vs. Edward McGlade, et al. Motion for new trial. Motion overruled.

E. Deemer & Co. vs. C. Guyer, Trustee. Motion for new trial. Motion overruled.

John M. Young vs. Johnson Steel Street Rail Co. Motion to take off non suit. Motion overruled.

Hedwig Maechgat vs. Rembart Wagner. Rule to show cause. Settled.

George Mulhauser, Admr. vs. A. J. Walters et al. Rule to show cause. Motion overruled.

Geo. W. Thompson vs. Michael Donahoe. Rule to show cause. Rule absolute and the purchaser at Treasurer's sale is required to bring his action of ejectment within ninety days or be forever debarred from bringing the same.

W. H. Thupson vs. Michael Donahoe. Rule to show cause. Same ruling as in previous case.

Charles Leventry et al. plaintiff in error, vs. Geo. Saylor, defendant in error. Certiorari. Dimunition of record suggested and order on Justice to perfect record and Justice ordered to return execution. And now per agreement of attorneys execution set aside by consent.

Wm. Bowman vs. Henry Barnhart. Rule to show cause. Judgment opened.

Israel Snavely vs. Johnstown Lumber Co. Rule to show cause. Petition overruled.

Wm. M. Brinker vs. Mrs. C. Parrish et al. Two rules to show cause. Rule dismissed.

In re road in Elder township. Continued.

James M. Froeheiser vs. Katherine Riddell et al. Bill in equity. Prayer granted.

In re road in Conemaugh and Adams townships. Continued.

Mary J. Cook vs. George W. Stuttman et al. Bill in equity. Judgment stricken off.

Eliza Pickworth vs. Geo. W. Stutzman et al. Bill in equity. Judgment stricken off.

Florian Bengele vs. Lois Schmidt et al. Equity docket. Argued and held for advisement.

Mary J. Cook vs. John J. Brown et al. Bill of equity. Judgment stricken off.

Isabella Benford vs. Michael Donohoe. Rule to show cause. Rule absolute and Michael Donohoe is hereby required to bring his action within 90 days or be forever debarred from bringing the same.

E. B. Cresswell vs. Mary Cole. Rule to show cause. Argued and held for advisement.

J. H. Coogan vs. James Noel. Rule to show cause. Motion refused an *alias* writ ordered.

Commonwealth vs. James Laing. Rule to show cause. Rule absolute.

Poer Directors vs. John Baker. Rule to show cause. Decree filed.

Oscar L. Pringle vs. Margaret A. Pringle, Executrix. Motion to strike off special plea. Motion refused.

Use W. Price Davis vs. Ed. McGlade. Rule to show cause. Rule absolute.

C. Guyer, Trustee, vs. P. Flynn et al. Rule to show cause. Argued and held for advisement.

In re road in Chest township. Continued.

In re road in Gallitzin township. Order to review not yet returned.

In re road in Clearfield township. Proceedings quashed. The order under which the viewers acted being without the seal of the Court and a new order directed to be issued.

In re private road in Reade township. Confirmed absolutely.

In re road in Upper Yoder township. Original view confirmed absolutely, being report confirmed nisi 7th April, 1887.

In re rule on William F. Cook, assignee. Attachment awarded.

F. A. Shoemaker, plaintiff in error, vs. Geo. Ford, defendant in error. Certiorari. Proceedings affirmed.

Equitable L. & B. Association vs. G. W. Shiffler et al. Rule to show cause. Settled.

Elvera J. Carroll vs. A. S. Saxman et al. Rule to show cause. Continued.

In re rule on F. Y. Patterson, Executor. Continued.

Samuel H. Hershberger vs. David H. Hershberger. Bill in equity. Demurrer sustained and bill dismissed.

In re opening streets in Lilly Borough. Continued.

Census Enumerators.

The following named persons have been appointed Census Enumerators for Cambria county by Supervisor Hood:

Barr and Blacklick townships—S. D. Patterson.

Croyle township and South Fork—Nicholas George.

Carroll township and Carrolltown—Alex Grief.

Clearfield township—Terrence Delozier.

Chest and White townships—John Nedimyer.

Cambria township—E. J. Humphrey.

Dean township, Ashville, and Chest Springs—Peter U. Stoy.

Ebensburg borough—John L. Sechler.

Hastings borough—Thomas Reynon.

Gallitzin township and Tunnelhill—Thomas H. Myers.

Gallitzin borough—Peter J. Kaylor.

Jackson township—John Gittings.

Lilly borough and Munster township—Thomas J. Hughes.

Loretto and Allegheny township—James W. Daily.

Portage township—James Itell.

Reade township—George W. Bowman.

Susquehanna and Elder townships—S. L. Langham.

Wilmore and Summerhill township—Thomas S. Kerby.

Washington township—Robert D. Lykens.

Adams and Conemaugh townships—J. S. Yoder.

Richland and Stonycreek townships—David Stuffs.

Upper Yoder township and Eighth ward, Johnstown—Frank N. Stutzman.

Lower Yoder township—S. H. McGeary.

West Taylor township and Coopersdale borough—T. C. Loughry.

First ward, Johnstown—Henry M. Jones.

East Taylor township and Twelfth ward, Johnstown—D. B. Wilson.

Second and Third wards, Johnstown—Thomas J. Jones.

Fourth and Fifth wards, Johnstown—Jacob Sharratts.

Sixth ward, Johnstown—N. I. Roberts.

Seventh ward, Johnstown—Thomas F. Judy.

Ninth ward, Johnstown—Matthias Copelin.

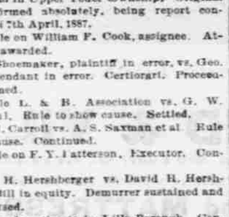
Tenth and Eleventh wards Johnstown—Ferdinand Blittman.

Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards, Johnstown—Thomas Parfitt, Jr.

Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards, Johnstown—Wm. McGowan.

Franklin and East Conemaugh boroughs—James B. Kaufman.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of John T. Long, administrator of Dr. W. A. Barnett, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all parties interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS,
Auditor.

Ebensburg, Pa., April 7, 1890. 3t

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Michael Hoffman of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, has made an assignment of all his property, real and personal and mixed to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to said Michael Hoffman are therefore notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to me.

W. A. R. LITTLE,
Assignee of Michael Hoffman.

Loretto, Pa., April 14, 1890.-6t.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Commissioner to take testimony and report decree in the case of Mary Linn vs. Carl Linn, No. 139 December Term, 1889, I will sit at my office, corner of Franklin and Stonycreek streets, in the city of Johnstown, County of Cambria, Pa., on FRIDAY, the NINTH day of MAY, A. D. 1890, at TEN o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of my said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend.

BORACE R. ROSE,
Commissioner.

Johnstown, Pa., April 12, 1890.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—
ESTATE OF HENRY WILLEBRAND, dec'd.

The undersigned, having been appointed auditor to ascertain liens against the heirs of decedent, and also to decide on exceptions filed to the first and final account of Florence Willebrand, Administrator of decedent, and make distribution of the fund in his hands, hereby giver notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment when and where all parties interested may attend.

A. V. BARKER,
Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 16, 1890.-3t.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEPHART BENDER, dec'd. Letters of administration on the estate of Gephart Bender, late of Lilly Borough, Cambria county, Penna., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY BENDER,
Administratrix of Gephart Bender, dec'd.

Lilly, Pa., April 16, 1890.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the balance in the hands of Thomas D. Evans, one of the executors of David E. Evans, (Weaver) deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place those interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
Auditor.

April 4, 1890.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Charles Weakland and P. P. Miller, administrators of W. A. Rager, deceased.

Having been appointed auditor to report on the exceptions filed and to make distribution to the persons legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place parties interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
Auditor.

April 4, 1890.-3t.

Election Notice.

To the School Directors of Cambria County:

GENTLEMEN.—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention at the Court House, in Ebensburg, at 1 P. M. on the first TUESDAY in MAY, A. D. 1890, being the sixth day of the month and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of Directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art or teaching, as County Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

J. W. LEECH,
County Superintendent of Cambria County.

Ebensburg, Pa., April 14, 1890.-3t.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH Supervisors of Washington Township for the year 1889.

JOHN LYNCH, Supervisor.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate		$ 1,382 00
To amount of order on township		23 70
		$ 1,405 70
Cr.		
By orders Redeemed	$	80 57
Tax worked out by taxables		155 00
Cash paid for work		891 59
Materials		37 95
Freight paid		2 47
Commission on cash taxes $1,382.95 at 5 per cent		69 15
Amount returned to commissioners		26 42
Auditors exonerations		6 90
Attorney's fees for 1884		10 00
121 days services as supervisor		121 00
Two trips to Ebensburg		3 60
Exonerations by Commissioners		1 09
	$	1,405 70

PETER B. MOYER, Supervisor.

Dr.		
To amount of duplicate	$	384 99
To amount received from license		329 82
To amount unseated land		284 70
To amount due from last year		24 37
To amount costs on law suit		2 25
To order for balance due		48 96
	$	1,065 84
Cr.		
By orders redeemed	$	7 25
Tax worked out by taxables		381 59
Cash paid for work		642 88
Commission on cash tax $765.05 at 5 per cent		4 80
Amount returned to Commissioners		20 12
Auditors' exonerations		7 35
Attorney's fees		2 60
84 days, services as supervisor		84 00
Amount paid for horse hire		32 75
	$	1,065 84

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders (per order book)	$	665 13

We, the undersigned Auditors, have examined the above accounts and find them as stated.

A. J. SANKEN,
JOHN McTAMANY,
E. C. MYERS,
Auditors.

Attest: GEO. J. SCHWABENEN, Clerk.

April 18, 1890.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, on MONDAY, the 2nd day of JUNE, A. D., 1890, by the undersigned residents and freeholders for the incorporation of the Borough of Portage, of the several lots and out lots now lying and being in the township of Portage, Cambria county, and State of Pennsylvania, and the same being bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron bridge, south 61 degrees and 30 minutes, west one thousand five hundred and seventy feet to a post, thence south 34 degrees, west nine hundred and sixty-nine feet to a post; thence south 31 degrees and 30 minutes west, crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad eight hundred and ninety-two feet to a post; thence south 25 degrees and 30 minutes west, crossing township road six hundred and ninety-two feet to a post; thence south 62 degrees, east two thousand eight hundred and thirty-four feet to a post; thence north 87 degrees east, crossing twp. road eight hundred and ninety six feet to a post; thence north 63 degrees and 30 minutes east eight hundred and ninety-one feet to a post; thence north 12 degrees east crossing township road nine hundred degrees east eight hundred and eighty-three feet to a post; thence north 14 degrees 30 minutes east, crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad, two thousand and seventy-five feet to a post, old Portage Railroad; thence by the same north 67 degrees west five hundred and fifty-nine and four-tenths perches to a post; thence south 88½ degrees west four hundred and one feet to a post, continuing by the Old Portage Railroad north 66 degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a post; continuing by the same north 61 degrees and 15 minutes west, one thousand five hundred and five feet to Iron bridge and the place of beginning.

O. L. Pringle, P. McGough, Joseph McGough, D. W. Martin, J. Troxell, Peter Seymour, J. P. Grodins, Frank Diehl, W. F. Holbenschlag, W. E. Muhollen, J. M. Wolesiage, Dolph Shafer, Edward Hughes, J. T. Mears, John Watt, John Seymour, T. M. Pringle, E. Border, Caleb Plummer, Andrew Smith, Charles Cullen, P. H. Burkett, Frank Lauffs, G. H. R. Groke, James Eicher, Adam Moyer, H. D. Border, F. D. Hoffman, Lealson Dimond, Ignatius Flemes, J. Stricker, M. D., E. McGlade, Austin T. Crum, J. H. Fisher, Jack Seese, Wm. McPherson, John Comey, Albert Diehl, Philip Dimond, Harry Mears, George W. Burk, Charles L. McKissic, P. H. Farren, W. J. Jones, Albert Wilson, J. J. McDonald, Joseph Hosler, Joseph Lauffer, D. Fleck, Sam. Mears, James M. Burk, Wm. R. James, W. S. Shaffer, Charles S. Mears, Martin O. Heil, William Wilson, Joseph Farren.

E. G. KERR,
Solicitor for Incorporation.

March 28, 1890.-4t.

FINANANCIAL STATEMENT OF ROAD Department of Dean Township, for the year ending March 10, 1890.

MICHAEL NAGLE, Supervisor.

Dr.		
To amt. of duplicate	$ 183 67	
To cash, unseated land tax and tavern license of D. Brown	195 33	
To amt. cash tax	51 09	
To scoop, plow and 2 hammers	10 00	
		$440 09
Cr.		
By work done on roads	$ 100 60	
By exonerations	23 63	
By amount returned to County Commissioners	20 01	
By scoop, plow and 2 hammers	10 00	
By personal services 37 days at $1 50	55 50	
By plow beam and expenses to Ebensburg	4 72	
By cash paid for work on roads	59 56	
By attending settlement and oath	1 25	$276 47
Balance due township		$163 53

DAVID BROWN, Supervisor.

Dr.		
To amt of duplicate	$ 394 90	
To scoop, plow and hammers	15 00	
To cash, unseated land tax	319 16	
To cash, tavern license	71 25	
To cash tax	59 12	
		$857 43
Cr.		
By work on roads	$ 96 98	
By scoop, plow and hammers	13 00	
By cash paid Michael Nagle, Supervisor, on balance unseated land tax and tavern license	195 33	
By exonerations	11 29	
By orders redeemed	101 03	
By cash for work on roads	$ 61 87	
By cash for work on Condron bridge	83 87	
By expenses to Ebensburg	1 52	
By one day with team	3 50	
By shovel, pick handler, etc.	1 45	
By percentage for collecting $31.67 at 5 per cent	2 73	
By personal services 33 days at $1 50	49 50	
By attending settlement and oath	1 25	$623 46
Balance due township		$ 33 97

We the undersigned auditors of Dean township do certify that the above statement is correct.

WM. HILDEBRAND,
AL. BEERS,
Auditors.

Attest: JOHN CAWLEY, Clerk.

March 28, 1890.-3t.

Brag is a Good Dog
But Hold Fast a Better One.

The above true saying we quote, believing it to be applicable in our case, as everyone knows Simon to be a reliable and square-dealing merchant. Trade, if you choose, his record back for fifteen years (that being the length of time he has been doing business in Altoona) and you will discover a record perfectly clean in every respect, and as it has been in the past, just so will it be in the future. Now, in speaking of our business record, we wish to say that have always adhered (strictly so) to originality in advertising, and we never (as do some of our competitors) copy or imitate. This assertion we make without fear of successful contradiction. Another fact we wish to impress upon the public is that we sell our goods at the figures quoted in our advertisements. Another fact to which we wish to call the public's attention is that we receive more goods in one day than do some of our would-be competitors in two weeks, and the truth of this can be verified any time by returning to the Pennsylvania Freight Department at Gallitzin. Now, no doubt, all we have said in the foregoing will be considered by some of our green-eyed rivals as significant of nothing. We generously accord them the benefit of the doubt, but nevertheless, there is a volumous significance in what we have said, i. e., that we are doing a business of Jumbolical immensity; that we are selling Groceries AWAY down, as usual; that we are selling Dry Goods 50 per cent, lower than any other store in town. Calico at 3 cents per yard, and Ginghams (the best) at 6 cents per yard; that we are selling Men's Brogans at 98 cents per pair; Boys' Brogans at 75 cents per pair; Men's Dress Shoes at $1.24 per pair; Children's Shoes 22 cents per pair; Ladies' Dress Shoes at 90 cents per pair; Ladies' Dress Kid Shoes at $1.24 and $1.45; Common Sense or Spring Heel, Boys' Shoes—Lace, Congress or Button at $1.00 per year.

Clothing is our main forte and we dare say no one can touch us on prices. Children's Scuff Suits, $1.24; Children's Dress Suits, $1.48; Children's all-wool Suits, $2.09; Boys' Dress Suits, long pants, from $2.48 up; Children's Pants, 90 cents per pair—of which we have 500 dozen. So if you you desire to take advantage of these bargains you had better do so at once. These goods are are all good and are for boys ranging in age from 14 to 19 years. $4.

Japanese Life.

A correspondent writing from Yokohama has much to tell of the curios of Japan. He says: "Out here there are little gods, big gods, good gods, and bad gods. They can be had from 50 cents to $10,000 each. They are made from every material known to man, from clay to crystal and gold. Of course the wood Buddhas, as they are called, are the oldest and most unique. Good old Buddhas can be had from $15 to $35 Mexican. These are prices here. It is always the best way to figure that an article costing, say $20 Mexican here will cost the purchaser $20 gold landed in the United States.

"I think Japan is the most beautiful country in the world. The people are quaint and picturesque; the flowers are marvelous. At present writing I see before me two plum trees about twenty four inches high, in full bloom, each tree about ten years old. A few days ago we had a little snow, and it was a sight to see roses, geraniums, plum and cherry blossoms, all in full bloom, with snow on them. Next month we will have the camellias, which are now in bud. They are all out in the open air, and in April the large cherry trees, ranging in size from eight feet to forty, though many Japs assure me that there are cherry trees eighty feet high. I have never seen them, but it would not surprise me if it were true, as I firmly believe a Jap gardener can do most anything with trees and plants. I suppose youngsters will come that way some time in the future. In August we have the lotus flowers; these also are worth traveling a thousand miles to see. October and November, the favorite flower, chrysanthemum, for a month. This is the flower show of the year.

"There is a little place called Dayozaka, near Tokio, where they have the chrysanthemum shows, and they are, for all the world, the same as old English fairs. Two criers at the door, clapping together two pieces of hard wood—this is to call attention to the show within—then you plank down two cents and get your ticket, which is a piece of wood about two inches wide, six inches long, and half an inch thick; they are made this size so as to last a few years. I never tire visiting these quaint places. I have had several invitation to visit the Shibiya (theatre) at Tokia when the great Danturo acts. This man is called the Booth of Japan; his pay is $10,000 for twenty-one nights.

"The costumes of the company are the most lovely things I ever saw; they are beyond description. I really came out here to form another Japanese village, together with a Japanese opera company composed entirely of Japanese ladies and gentlemen, with brass and string band combined. I am sure of all except the opera part; although there are sixty graduates from the Conservatory of Music (in our music), they cannot sing. My idea was to do 'The Mikado' with a Japanese company and proper costumes; not one of the companies at home ever costumed the piece properly.

"The brocades one sees out here are perfect dreams, particularly old priests' robes. We have paid as high as $160 for a full suit. If I had come out here ten or fifteen years ago, I could have attained the finest collection in the world for my little money that would have been worth half a million at this moment. There are several men who came here twenty-five and thirty years ago who bought little 'odds and ends' from time to time at very small prices, and find now their collections to be worth from $150,000 to $300,000. Pieces of gold lacquer work that cost a mere trifle ten to twenty years ago are now worth hundreds of dollars each."

Wild Fowl in Norton Sound.

Until the acquisition of Alaska by the United States it was a matter of wonder where certain wild fowl went when they migrated from temperate climes on the approach of summer, as well as as snow birds and other small species of the feathered tribe. It was afterward found that their habitat in summer was the waters of Alaska, the Yukon River, and the lakes of that hyperborean region. A reporter recently interviewed C. S. Green, of Norton Sound, western Alaska, and he confirms the statement of Dall and others.

"People wonder where the wild fowl come from," said he. "They see the sand hill crane, wild goose, heron, and other wild fowl every spring and fall pursue their unwearied way, but, like the wind, they do not know whence they come or whither they go. Up on Golovin Bay, on the north shore of Norton Sound, is the breeding place of these fowl. All the birds in creation, seemingly, go to that country to breed. Geese, ducks, swans, and thousands upon thousands of sand hill cranes are swarming there all the time. They lay their eggs in the blue-stem grass in the lowlands, and if you go up the river a little way from the bay the noise of the wild fowl is almost deafening. Myriads of swallows and robins are there, as well as millions of magnificent grouse, wearing red combs and feathered moccasins. The grouse turns white as snow in winter. You can kill dozens of juicy teal ducks or grouse as fat as butter balls in a few moments. The wild fowl and bears live on salmon berries, with which all the hills are literally covered."

How to Tell a Counterfeit Bill.

Take a United States bill of any denomination and hold it to the light, and you will see two lines running entirely across it lengthwise. Upon examination you will find these to consist of silk threads, a red one, and a blue one. Every genuine bill has this mark of genuineness. Without these marks a bill may be put down as counterfeit, no matter how good the engraving on it. No paper mill will dare make this sort of paper, and this is the Government's only protection on its currency.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

In Our Popular Brand

Old Honesty

Will be found a Combination not always to be had.

A FINE QUALITY OF PLUG TOBACCO AT A REASONABLE PRICE

FINZER'S OLD HONESTY — LOOK FOR THIS — ON EACH PLUG

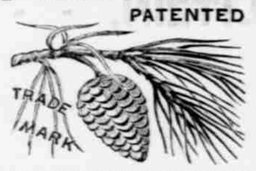
IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AN EXTRA SWEET PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO DON'T FAIL TO GIVE

Old Honesty A FAIR TRIAL

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT DONT TAKE ANY OTHER

JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ALLAN'S PINE NEEDLE CIGARS & CIGARETTES. PATENTED



These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES; they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the BEST OF TOBACCO and FRESH PINE NEEDLES.

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

A BOON to Housewives.

The farmer and working man who have been out in the mud all day can wash their boots clean before entering the house. They will be Soft, Polished and Dry, if dressed with

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes housekeeping easier.

Saves Sweeping and Scrubbing.

The boots will wear a great deal longer, will not get stiff and hard in snow water or rain, and will be WATERPROOF. Ladies, try it, and insist that your husband and sons use it! Once a week for Genuine Shoes and once a month for Ladies'. Unequaled as a Harness Dressing and Preserver Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.

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SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL 600 hardy varieties of choice Nursery Stock. Best Specialties. No experience necessary. Special advantages to beginners. Extra Inducements. Pay weekly. Situation permanent. Best terms. Best outfit free. We guarantee what we advertise. Address at once, GLEN BROS., Nursery-men, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable). [3-7-22]

A Bell With a History.

On the top of the little hotel at Elmore, a small village north of Findlay, Ohio, is a bell with a curious and interesting history. It is the property of D. B. Day, the proprietor of the house, who takes pride in reciting the origin and subsequent tribulations of this relic of a by-gone period. In 1832 Jarvis Spafford built a tavern in Perrysburg, once the site of the old Fort Meigs, of the War of 1812 fame. In those days a hotel was not complete without a bell swung on the top to call the guests to their meals. Bell-foundries were not plentiful in those times, but after considerable inquiry Mr. Spafford heard of a man in Detroit who cast bells.

Detroit, then in the Territory of Michigan, was quite a remote point, as distance was then calculated, but Spafford had to have a bell, and he finally made his way hither to have it cast. The bell man was found and the job undertaken, but when the foundry endeavored to make the cast it was discovered that there was not metal enough for the purpose. Here was a dilemma, but Spafford was equal to the emergency. He threw thirty six Spanish dollars into the molten mass and the bell was cast.

With this treasure, almost worth its weight in gold, Spafford returned to Perrysburg, and hung the bell up in a tree in his yard, so that it might be investigated by the curious. The Indians, who were then quite plentiful in and about Perrysburg, were caught by the novel attraction. They went crazy over the bell, and climbed the tree to keep it singing all the time. At all hours of the day and night the bell was ringing, until it became an intolerable nuisance, and Spafford had about concluded to take it down when the Indians relieved him by stealing it and carrying it away.

This act made Spafford furious, and he determined to recover the bell if it cost him his life. Securing the services of Sam Brady, an old scout who had killed a score or more of Indians, and Frank McCallister, the first white man who had settled at Perrysburg, they started toward Upper Sandusky. They traveled three days and nights, and on the morning of the fourth day, while they were eating their breakfast, they heard the bell in the distance. Hastily finishing their meal they hurried in the direction whence the sound came and soon beheld a sight that was laughable. The Indians had tied the bell around the neck of a pony, and the whole tribe—bucks, squaws and youngsters—armed with hickory switches, were running the poor animal around an open space at the very top of its speed, and yelling like demons, as an accompaniment to the furious ringing of the bell.

Spafford and his companions made a charge on the crowd and succeeded in driving the pony away from the village, where they could secure the bell without trouble, which they did, and got safely home without being pursued or molested. The bell was taken back to Perrysburg, where it remained for many years, performing the mission for which it was cast. When Mr. Spafford died, his daughter, now Mrs. Day, claimed the treasure, and it is still doing duty as a hotel bell on her husband's house in Elmore.

Figures Regarding Flight.

Among recent investigations which go to encourage believers in future flying machines, are those proving that greatly exaggerated ideas of the force exerted by birds have been held, and that large birds have wings proportionately much smaller than those of small flying creatures. Certain insects flutter enormously large wings at the rate of 200 or 300 vibrations per second. The vulture is 100 times as large as the swallow, but its wings are only fifteen times as large; and the Australian crane wheighs 3,000,000 times as much as the gnat, while the latter has 150 times as much wing surface per unit of weight. The eagle in full flight, instead of using 13-horse-power as was formerly computed, exerts only a fraction of one-horse power. A pigeon flying 2,200 feet per minute (nearly 25 miles an hour) exerts 1-200th of a horse-power per pound, equal to 9½-horse-power for a flying machine wheighing one ton at 25 miles an hour, or 50-horse-power per ton weight at 50 miles an hour. That mechanical science will be equal to adjusting these figures to the requirements of air-traveling, seems only a reasonable deduction from the facts as they stand.

Building from the Roof Down.

A visitor to Japan tells of the peculiar methods of construction employed in that country. Speaking of housebuilding, the Japanese begin their work at the top. The roof goes on first, and then they begin to build the walls and construct the interior. One of the greatest curiosities to see in Tokio is a new hotel which is being built. It is to be on the foreign style, and is to have four stories. It will be the greatest hotel in Japan. It covers about an acre of ground. As yet not a stone of the fouudation has been laid, but the roof is already up, and this stands on a great four story skeleton of scaffolding awaiting the building of the rest of the structure. This scaffolding is made of long poles, from the size and thickness of a campaign flagstaff down to the size of a bamboo fishing rod, and the whole is tied together with ropes. Imagine an acre of scaffolding of this nature upholding a heavy roof, and the whole made up of sticks and ordinary rope. There are, I was told at the office, seven thousand poles in the skeleton, and two thousand men had been at work for months in making it.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. J T Davison.

Spring Disorders

Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us—you cannot help believing a disinterested party.

Brigadier-General W. L. Greenleaf, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with benefit. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. Two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine I do not know of its equal."

"I have used two bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound, and it has given entire satisfaction as an appetizer and blood purifier." T. L. BERNER, Watertown, Dakota.

Paine's Celery Compound

is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by users, and guaranteed by the manufacturers, as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it tones you up.

Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

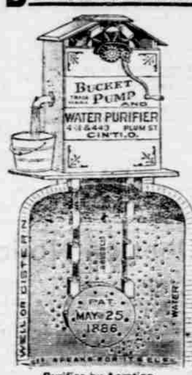
Color Anything any Color, Simple, Durable, Economical. IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES 36 Colors, 10 cents each.

DRINK PURE WATER

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.



Purifies by Aeration.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40-ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 46 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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We Make a SPECIALTY of Organs in Piano Cases, FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak

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AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 843 Broadway, N. Y.

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That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

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Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

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HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Cheaper than Wood.

The ... we cut above Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices state Quantity, No. per of Gates. Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Ornt'l Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and WIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN,

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

Hindoo Magic.

In 1878 I was stopping in the city of Allahabad, near the center of India, on the Indian Peninsular Railway, giving performances in the Railway Theater, says a traveler. Every day a party of native jugglers were in the habit of visiting our hotel and exhibiting their skill on the plaza in front of the building. One day I was particularly attracted by an old Hindoo, his son, and daughter, who squatted down on the ground and waited for the crowd of sightseers to gather round. They did not have long to wait. When enough spectators had come to make the performance profitable, the old fellow drew from the bag that all Indian jugglers use to convey their "properties" in a small earthenware jar filled with muddy water. He first sprinkled a few drops of water on the ground and then placed the jar upon three small stones, which he also took from the bag.

He then produced a small china duck and gave it to me for inspection. I found nothing noticeable about it. He asked me to put it in water. I did so, and it immediately sank to the bottom. He next drew from the bag a small tom tom, a little musical instrument that emits a dramming sound when the handle is turned, and began waving it around the jar. Instantly the duck arose to the surface. He told me to touch it. I tried to do so, when the bird again disappeared, to reappear again and again at the juggler's will. I must confess that I was mystified. There was apparently no cause for the strange actions of the little bird. It was only after the third or fourth visit of the conjuror that I discovered the secret of the trick.

It was a particularly bright, sunny day, and I had chosen a place among the spectators slightly nearer than the others were allowed. I was behind the scenes, as it were. While attentively watching the trick, I noticed in the sunshine the sparkle of a long hair that extended from the tom-tom to the bottom of the jar. The moment I saw this I divined the juggler's secret, and I afterward found that my theory was correct. The jar already contained a china duck precisely similar to the one I had examined, save that it was buoyant. Attached to the breast of this duck was the hair. This hair came through a tiny hole in the bottom of the jar. The water was sprinkled on the ground to conceal any leakage. When the jar was placed upon the ground the hair was fastened so that the duck could not rise to the surface.

As the juggler picked up his tom-tom it was an easy matter for him to fasten the end of the hair to it by means of a bit of wax. After this was arranged you can see how easily he was able to make this counterfeit duck bob up and down at the word of command.

Peculiar Celestial Occurances.

The people of Hot Springs (Ark.) were treated to-day to a most singular astronomical sight. No one had ever witnessed the like or read of such a phenomenom in this latitude before. The morning was clear, but cold and frosty. As the sun rose the heavens were overspread with a thin, hazy cloud, not sufficiently dense, however, to darken the sun's rays to any considerable extent. About 10 o'clock a well-defined rainbow appeared to the south of the sun. The full bow was not visible, but the central portion was very clear. By 10. 30 a large, clear circle appeared to the north of the sun. This circle was of snowy whiteness, and appeared to be in the higher atmosphere of sky, as the thin clouds could be plainly seen floating across its lines. It was large and quite distinct, as much so as a race course upon an open area appears to the eye. From 10. 30 to 11. a second rainbow similar to the first, was visible east of the sun, at apparently not quite as great distance from the sun as the first. At the same time a small but very dense and bright section of a third rainbow appeared immediately beneath the sun to the south. Thus the phenomenon appeared in its clearest and strongest aspect till 11. 45, after which the circle gradually faded away, followed by the rainbows.

Disasters in the Past.

Although the great western tornado of two weeks ago was more destructive of life and property than any heretofore reported in this country, there have been much greater storms in other lands. In 1780 what is known as "great hurricane" started from Barbadoes and visited several of the West India Islands. It engulfed an English fleet anchored before St. Lucie, and ravaged that island, where six thousand people were buried beneath the ruins. It sank forty ships of a French transport fleet containing 4,000 soldiers. It devastated St. Domingo, St. Vincent, St. Eustache and Porto Rico, destroying most of the vessels in its track. More than 12,000 people are said to have perished on these islands, and the destruction of property was enormous. Such destructive storms are of very rare occurrence. In this country storms of great violence are common, but it is seldom that the loss of life exceeds 100.

The Earth From a Distance.

If it were possible to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, we should see nothing but an intense and sharply defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no difference of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act upon, but if the air around us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we should be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean the light ceases altogether, one half of the light being absorbed in passing through seven feet of the purest water.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Tutt's Pills

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Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

Sold Everywhere.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a trostise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This effectually keeps the shoe and rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester."

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For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. 1000 Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely infallible HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) Free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

GASTON, WESTON & LADD, TORRINGTON, Conn., and 46 Beekman Street, New York. MANUFACTURERS OF GASTON'S PRESTOLINE PASTE, SILVER COMPOUND, LILLIBRIDGE'S OLD ENGLISH POLISH.

Gaston's Prestoline,

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISH,

For Cleaning and Polishing

BRASS, COPPER, BRONZE, NICKEL, &c.

It will clean Metals with less labor than any preparation ever produced, giving a brilliant lustre which cannot be equaled, and which will last longer than any polish obtained by other means. Sold by the

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CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Wasting Diseases

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Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

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VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

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☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

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Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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How the Sun Affects the Weather.

The most pronounced effects of disturbance are felt as it appears sun's rotation on its axis and disturbance crosses the sun's The six and a half days between pearance by a rotation and passage are marked by storms beat or earthquakes. After passage the storm influence disturbance appears to cease use of the word storm all other nomena are included. All are When solar disturbances follow other in rapid succession producing eruptions.

Tornadoes are more numerous periods of violent solar agitation number and violence of tornadoes directly proportioned to the and violence of solar disturbances. Observations made during the and spring show that solar disturbances in some cases not marked until a month or two after the begin. Fifty-two days after the storm of January 8 and 10, 1886, appeared by the sun's rotation, also appeared by rotation 52 days the great Samoan hurricane March 15 and 16, 1889, wrecked several men-of-war in the bor of Apia. The disturbance sun was followed upon reappearance May 29 and 30 by the floods wrecked Johnstown, Pa., and Williamsport, Pa.

When solar disturbances become secure their storm action can be by counting the 26 day period solar disturbances which caused and widespread storms during eight months of 1889 are now spots being rarely seen; but evidence of some activity at the the disturbances. Whenever action is resumed our atmosphere be vexed in proportion to the on the sun.

A Bath-Tub 3000 Years Old.

The care with which the ex have been carried on in and ruins in Greece is strangely illustrated by the fact that in the bath room place where it had actually been was found a portion of an earthen tub made of thick terra-cotta, here let Dr. Dorpfield, Schliemann's worker, speak of its discovery, form agreed pretty nearly with our bathing tubs. It was two with a thick upper rim, and with handles on the sides, and it was within with spiral ornaments. fact it was of the "well polished ing tubs often mentioned by Homer. And yet, if the argument be good that Tiryns was destroyed as it is mentioned, this bathing tub must have lain there for some 3000 years, and fully does the earth preserve not the past for the patient worker carefully knows how to set about covering them.

The Czar's Family.

The Empress of Russia has daughters much with her, and even a so-called governess for Her own personal attendants a lady of honor serves also for the part this springs from the Empress love for simplicity of life, but also, that they try to surround selves with as few people as possible that as little as may be concerning private life should transpire to the outer world, of whom they are, as without good reason, much afraid. The Empress superintends in person the education of the two little Duchesses, Xenie and Olga, and respectively fourteen and six. The Emperor in his leisure moments tries to the same for his boys. Especially loves to give them music and drawing lessons, for he thinks himself a musician, and has a predilection for cornet-a-piston.

Conundrums.

What is the centre of gravity? letter V.

What ship carries most passengers? Court-ship.

What smells most in a drug store? The nose.

Why is a dog's tail like the bark of a tree? It is farthest from the head.

What is better than a pair of young man? A paying one.

On what day of the year do we talk the least? The shortest day.

What is the difference between a yard and two yards? A fence.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? It is the scenter.

Why is life the greatest of all? Because we must all give it up.

What goes most against a farmer's grain? His reaper.

Why does a man's hair turn gray before his moustache? Because he is about twenty years older.

Early Tomatoes.

Here is a point for tomato growers. At the New York Agricultural Station experiments made in growing tomatoes without transplanting proved successful. Plants grown entirely in the open ground matured fruit in two or five days' shorter time than those that were cared for in the hot bed three, two or three months of their existence. The result, according to the report, certainly striking, and suggests that the check given to plants at the time of transplanting may have been sufficient to overballance all the time gained by forcing. Expert cultivators say that their earliest tomatoes are those from self-grown plants where the seeds were raised the previous year, and that some of the first rotted on the ground.

It Would, Indeed.

Cadley—I am awfully fond of beefsteak and fried onions, but I don't like to eat them because it makes one's breath disagreable.

Wadley—I'll tell you how you can manage that all right enough.

Cadley—Well how?

Wadley—Just go to that new fashionable restaurant that has been opened and order beef-steak and onions, and they will bring you something to take your breath away.

Cadley—What is it?

Wadley—The bill.